The Outlook

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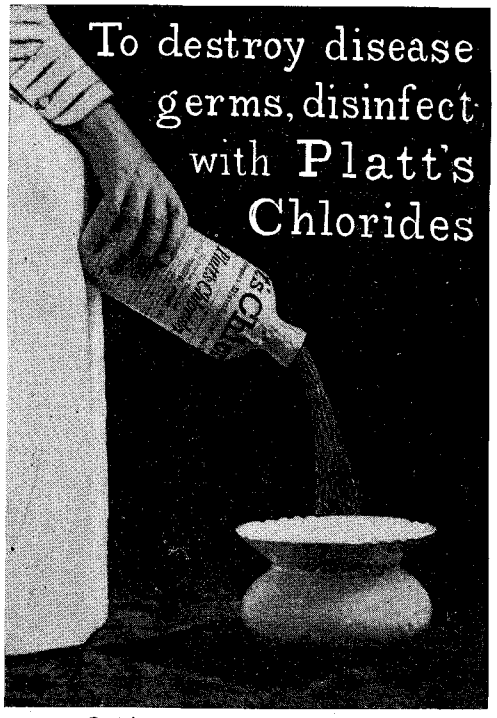

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The Outlook

Published Weekly

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The Last Honors to President McKinley

It may be said quite literally that the world united in expressing grief and in paying homage in honor of William McKinley, for solemn services were held and marks of respect were shown in London (where the memorial exercises at St. Paul's and in Westminster were both elaborate and beautiful) and in many other cities in Great Britain, in Paris, in Berlin, in other capital cities of the Continent, in South America, and in Asia. In this country, among all the tokens of grief and respect, none, perhaps, was more impressive than the total cessation for a few moments of traffic on land and water —railway trains, steamboats, elevated cars, ferryboats, in and about New York and in many other places came to a dead standstill; even the usually ceaseless click of the telegraph was for once hushed; everywhere in streets and on cars for the five minutes men were to be seen standing silent and motionless, with bared heads. Everywhere, too, in this land and in many others, the words of President McKinley's favorite hymn, quoted by him when death was imminent, were sung with marked emotion. An account of the ceremonies on Tuesday at the National Capital from an eye-witness will be found elsewhere. This was the official National ceremony, but the day of interment at Canton, Thursday, was in fact the people's day of mourning. In accordance with President Roosevelt's proclamation, business was universally suspended, and the services in the churches of every denomination were very largely attended. Sports, races, exhibitions, theaters, and places of amusement were all but universally closed or postponed. A general comment was on the marked contrast between the genuine observance of the day as one of mourning, with the Sunday-like quiet that prevailed, and the too general non-observance or misobservance of set and formal fast-days where that institution still prevails. The decoration was even more extensive and elaborate than at the time of General Garfield's death, and from the rich and costly draping of enormous buildings to the cheap print encircled with black calico on some cabin on a country cross-road the impression made was that not display or ostentation but honest sympathy prompted the act. At Canton the population was suddenly quadrupled by the incoming throngs. President Roosevelt, his Cabinet, and a large group of statesmen, generals, army and navy officers, diplomats, and distinguished friends of Mr. McKinley accompanied the funeral train from Washington. Crowds of silent citizen-mourners stood at every station on the way with uncovered heads. At the First Methodist Church in Canton, after prayers at the house, the services were conducted by the pastor, the Rev. Dr. Manchester. In the course of his address Dr. Manchester said: "Last Sunday, after our evening service here, three men in working clothes came into this room. They spoke only in a foreign tongue. They knelt down there at the altar-rail before the President's picture, and their lips moved in prayer. The people loved him. He kept his soul pure and white before God and man. He never disappointed those who relied on him." Mrs. McKinley's physician decided that her condition would not allow her to attend the church services, but the people of the country rejoice that the terrible strain has not totally broken down Mrs. McKinley's strength and life, and that her suffering and sorrow have not made her friends despair of her life, as was at one time feared. A great military and civic procession conducted the remains from the church to the grave, which lies in a beautiful spot to be marked later by

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a fit memorial monument. We cannot here summarize or quote at length from the almost numberless tributes to Mr. McKinley's character and worth from pulpit and press, but elsewhere in this issue of The Outlook will be found a few representative extracts which may well be added to those quoted last week, while attention may also be directed to the eloquent sermon preached on this occasion by Bishop Doane, which we are glad to be able to present in full.

❀

The Trial of Czolgosz The actual trial of the assassin of President McKinley began at Buffalo on Monday of this week; a jury was selected with little difficulty; and there is every reason to believe that the trial will be carried on with propriety, dignity, and promptness. It would be impossible to praise too warmly the spirit evinced in this matter by the members of the bar of Erie County. For the honor of the profession, the insuring of absolute justice, the making impossible any charge of oppression or cruelty toward the wretched prisoner, and the elimination, so far as possible, of sensationalism in the treatment of this case, the course pursued by the bar as a body has been admirable. At its formal recommendation, Judge Loran L. Lewis and Judge Robert C. Titus have been appointed by the court counsel for the prisoner, as at the preliminary hearing Czolgosz had no counsel, would ask for none by name, and, indeed, refused to speak a word, although, it is reported, he speaks on ordinary matters to his jailers. Both Judge Lewis and Judge Titus are honored and recognized leaders in their profession. Both are ex-Justices of the Supreme Court of New York. The letter from the Bar Association to Judge Emery, before whom the preliminary hearing took place, points out that "it is of the utmost importance that the counsel assigned shall be men of such experience and of such a high sense of their professional obligations that the highest traditions of the profession shall be upheld, and that the trial shall be dignified, just, and impartial." Both Judge Lewis and Judge Titus have accepted the appointment with the greatest reluctance and at a distinct sacrifice of personal inclination and interest. Alienists of high reputation have examined Czolgosz both on the part of the State and in behalf of the defense. It is generally stated by the press that insanity will not be put forward as a defense. Emma Goldman, who is under charges of having incited the assassination by public speeches, has been allowed to furnish bail in $20,000, but is unable to obtain proper security for the bonds.

❀

The Cuban Election Law The Cuban Constitutional Convention has formally adopted the law which lays down the methods and times of conducting elections in Cuba. This law was prepared by a committee of the Convention, and during the sessions of that committee the sessions of the Convention itself have been suspended. The law has now been translated into English, and has been submitted to Governor-General Wood for the approval or disapproval of the United States. It is understood that President Roosevelt, Secretary Root, and General Wood are canvassing the law carefully, and will soon state the position of the United States as to its conditions. It is reported by newspapers, and seems quite probable, that the Government of the United States will criticise most strongly that part of the proposed law which provides for separate elections for Senatorial electors, for Governors and Councilors, for Representatives and Presidential electors, and, finally, for Senators. This certainly seems to fix too many dates and to make necessary too many separate election days. Four elections taking place at intervals of fifteen days would have a tendency to keep the people over-excited on political questions, to interfere with ordinary business and non-political pursuits, and to keep alive political animosities. Among the other provisions of the law are these: the Constitutional Convention is to open the first day of election and to scrutinize the election of the President of the Republic; the President of the Constitutional Convention is to preside at the opening of the new Congress, but only provisional executive committees are elected by the two chambers of Congress; boards of canvassers are provided to examine the credentials of all candidates for appointment; registry boards are to begin their work eighteen days after the law is

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promulgated and to continue it for fifteen days; after this the provincial boards of canvassers take charge, and the various elections at the intervals of fifteen days take place in the order named above.

❀

The Anti-Tammany Campaign

The choice by the conference of anti-Tammany and reform political elements in New York City of President Seth Low as the candidate of the non-partisan movement against Tammany insures an honest, thorough, and efficient warfare this autumn against the municipal misgovernment which is now disgracing this city. There is practically no doubt that the other local political and reform bodies not represented in this conference will readily concur in the selection of Mr. Low, and it is extremely improbable that there will be more than two candidates in the field who will have any large following. The position is much more hopeful than it was when Mr. Low was a candidate four years ago, for now he has the open and formal support of that Republican political machine which was four years ago the cause of his defeat. It should be said in justice to Mr. Platt and his fellow-politicians who have been in the past obstructionists of political fusion because of their adhesion to National party lines, that they have shown an apparently unreserved disposition this autumn to enter into a united campaign. The choice of Mr. Grout as Comptroller on the fusion ticket seems also to give very general satisfaction, and the fact that he is an Independent Democrat certainly adds to the probability of harmony and combined effort. Mr. Grout was prominent in the fight against the Ramapo scheme. The declaration of principles adopted by the conference is as follows:

1. A progressive, businesslike, and non-partisan administration of municipal affairs, with a special view to cutting down public expenses and reducing the present excessive burden of taxation.

2. The toleration of the innocent customs and habits of our cosmopolitan population by rational laws and regulations assuring the largest measure of personal liberty consistent with the maintenance of law and order.

3. The conservation of the interests of capital and labor by an equal enforcement of laws, and the enactment of such new measures as the welfare of the toiling masses may require.

4. The extirpation of the police blackmail iniquity and of the system of political jobbery maintained in the interests of the Tammany Boss, who, though a foreign resident and a British taxpayer, yet rules the city of New York by virtue of his control of Tammany Hall.

5. The steady betterment of municipal conditions by furthering such necessary public improvements as tend to the greatest good of the greatest number.

❀

Revolutionary Methods in Virginia

Recent votes in the Virginia Constitutional Convention have made it all but clear that, in the absence of emphatic protest from all parts of the country, the Convention will "proclaim" the new Constitution in force without submitting it to the citizenship of the State. An alleged precedent is found for this proposal in the fact that Mississippi, South Carolina, and Louisiana have within the past decade violated the unwritten law that constitutions can be changed only with the consent of the people; but in these cases the legislative act calling the convention either directly provided that it might proclaim the adoption of the constitution agreed upon, or confessedly left it free so to act. In Virginia, however, the legislative act summoning the Convention distinctly provided that the document drafted should be submitted to the people, and the Democratic State Convention distinctly pledged its supporters to recognize the right of the sovereign people to a direct vote upon its organic law. Ever since the Convention met, however, the tendency to disregard the law creating it and the tacit pledge upon which the great body of its members were elected has grown steadily stronger, and since the failure of the last Democratic State Convention to renew its declaration of allegiance to popular sovereignty, the disposition of the Convention to assume the powers of sovereignty has come to be predominant. The reason, of course, for this manifest violation of written as well as unwritten law is the fear that the present citizenship will reject the new draft of the Constitution because of its provisions for the disfranchisement of negroes. Not only does the whole body of negroes oppose the race discrimination embodied in the "grandfather" and the "understanding"

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clauses, but also a great body of whites—including, we are glad to see, the Democratic Richmond "Times," which heartily favors radical measures to better the quality of the electorate, provided they are impartial. The "Times" states its position in the following language, which ought to call forth responses of sympathy and support from all quarters of the land:

We are utterly and uncompromisingly opposed to any measure which will create in this State a privileged class. We will never consent to the proposition that a man has a right to vote simply and solely on the score of his ancestry. That is the doctrine of aristocracy, and is as far from the doctrine of democracy as the North is from the South. . . . We are equally opposed to the device known as the "understanding" clause of some of the Southern constitutions, for we believe that it is a device which, if adopted, will be used by tricky politicians to serve their own purposes. We are unwilling to put it into the power of a few election officers to determine who shall be permitted to vote and who shall not be permitted to vote in the State of Virginia. . . . We have heard a great deal lately about anarchy. But what is anarchy, after all, but defiance of law? It may be contended that this law or that is a bad law, but so long as it is the law of the land it must be respected. The fifteenth amendment of the Constitution of the United States, be it good or bad, is a part of the organic law of this country, and God grant that the people of Virginia may never defy it or even evade it!

❀

"No Politics in Politics"

The attitude taken by the Democratic machine in the city of Philadelphia toward the hopeful fusion movement to oust the "Republican Tammany," described by Mr. Woodruff in our columns last week, illustrates pointedly the old paradox that "there's no politics in politics." This Democratic machine in Philadelphia is supposedly the head, hands, and weapon of those who refuse in any measure to support the Republican machine. This year the revolt of Republicans against the scandalous misrule of the Quay Legislature, augmented by the more scandalous misrule of the Quay-Ashbridge city administration, made possible the overthrow of the Republican machine. The independent Democratic organizations had united with the independent Republican and nonpartisan organizations upon a capital city ticket, which Chairman Guffey, of the Democratic State Committee, and ex-Governor Pattison, of the Democratic City Committee, urged the city machine to indorse. Without question the mass of the Democrats in the city, as in the State, desired that the indorsement be given, so that the offensive Republican machine could be driven from power. But at this juncture the Democratic County Convention—made up of the active politicians representing the machine in the various wards—refused to indorse fusion and put in the field a new ticket, though the Democratic party in Philadelphia when united polls only a quarter of the total vote. Of course this action can have no other effect than the re-intrenchment of the Republican machine. This is doubtless the effect desired, for the spoilsmen in control of the Democratic machine can secure more patronage through an alliance with the spoilsmen of the Republican machine than by serving their Democratic constituents in expelling the Republican spoilsmen from control. Fortunately, the betrayal of their constituents was in this case so flagrant as to cause ex-Governor Pattison to resign from his recently accepted place on the City Committee and suggest the formation of a new Democratic organization. This suggestion of ex-Governor Pattison has received the cordial indorsement of State Chairman Guffey, and there is now the possibility that it may be carried into effect. For the past four years at least the Democratic machine in Philadelphia has been indifferent or hostile to the National platform of its party, indifferent or hostile to the defeat of Senator Quay in the Legislature, and now shows itself indifferent or hostile to the defeat of the worst faction of the Republican party in the city. The professional politician's indifference to everything his party is supposed to stand for has never been carried to a greater extreme.

❀

Students as Strike-Breakers

A dispute has arisen between the trades-unions in California and the State University. A great strike has been raging in San Francisco for ten weeks, involving directly the trades connected with the shipping and transportation industries, and bringing incalculable loss upon the producers whose goods should now be shipped to distant markets. According to a San Francisco correspondent, the

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Draymen's Association, an organization of employers, locked out the Teamsters' Union, a strong labor organization, and as a result the water front in the city of San Francisco is tied up, as the stevedores and allied trades have struck sympathetically with the teamsters. A result has been a great increase of wages to men taking the places of the union men, for the shipments of fruit and grain are exceedingly heavy at this time of the year, and, in spite of all efforts to relieve the congestion, the perishable commodities cannot be handled with sufficient promptness and much damage and loss follow. These wages have been sufficient to tempt several students of the University to take the places of the strikers and to act as stevedores. The wages which they received for this work amounted to the sum of $5.75 per day. The young men were not interfered with while they were engaged at the work, but at the next meeting of the Labor Councll a strong protest was drawn up and sent to the President of the University, Benjamin Ide Wheeler. The protest pointed out that the University is a State institution, to which the workingmen contribute by the taxes. It expresses a feeling of pride in the institution and a feeling of satisfaction in its development. It is stated, however, that it is not contemplated by the workingmen that the places of stevedores on strike should be taken by students, and an opinion is ventured that, if the purpose of the institution is to turn out stevedores, it is hardly worth the liberal expenditure which has been made in its behalf. To this the President of the University has replied as follows:

W. H. Goff, President of San Francisco Labor Council:

My Dear Sir—Your very courteous letter of the 23d inst. is before me and has been read with much interest. I appreciate very highly the sympathy you express in the work and purposes of the University, and I am confident, from the spirit of your communication, that you would not wish the University so far to interfere with individual liberty as to deny young men struggling for the means of education the right to earn money, provided their time allows and the opportunity affords. A large proportion of our students are obliged to "work their way" either in whole or in part. We take no cognizance of this, however, leaving it entirely to individual effort. My experience leads me to believe in these students who have to struggle for their education, and I should be grieved to see them eliminated from the list. It would mean that the University would lose its strongest and most hopeful men. It would be a direct discrimination against the sons of the poor, and would involve, indeed, a direct perversion of the University, which is the very citadel and hope of the poor. The University is the most important instrument that we possess for preventing the crystallization of society into fixed strata. Let us do nothing to hamper it in the fullest exercise of this its work. Very sincerely yours,

BENJ. IDE WHEELER.

The obvious purpose of this letter was to assert the principle of individual liberty, but it has been accepted locally as an expression of sympathy with the strike-breakers, and threatens serious political consequences. The farming element has for years been reluctant to vote increased supplies for the University, and the men in the cities round the bay have been the champions of the institution. The present incident may create a division in the attitude of the city representatives.

❀

Successful Co-operation in Kansas

Apparently the farmers of the West, despite the isolation of their work and the "individualism" of their training, are to be the pioneers of co-operation in this country. At all events, nearly all the important successes in co-operation during recent years have been made among them. To co-operative fire insurance companies and co-operative creameries, which have now for many years been so remarkably profitable over widening districts, must be added co-operative elevators in steadily increasing number. A recent letter to the Omaha "Bee" from Solomon, Kansas, brings out forcibly the success achieved by one of these co-operative elevators—a success somewhat exceptional, it is true, because this elevator is in a district traversed by three railroads, not yet consolidated. For two years the syndicate which controls most of the elevators in central Kansas had kept the price of wheat at Solomon fourteen cents below that at Kansas City, though ordinary railroad and shipping charges accounted for a difference of only ten cents—and even this difference exceeded by one-half that between Chicago and New York, where water competition helps regulate railroad rates. At the last session of the Legislature the farmers endeavored to secure relief by a statute against the elevator trust, and when their bill failed the farmers

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about Solomon organized their co-operative association, put competent men in charge, and gave all members the privilege of selling their wheat to other elevators if they paid one cent a bushel to the association. This last regulation proved better than a requirement that the members bring all their wheat to the association no matter what they were offered elsewhere. This is how it worked:

From the time the farmers' elevator opened it received ninety per cent. of the wheat marketed in Solomon, while the three syndicate elevators received less than ten per cent. On July 16 the farmers' elevator was paying fifty-two cents a bushel for wheat, four cents higher than the syndicate. The day following, one of the syndicates opened the fight on the farmers' elevator by offering fifty-five cents a bushel. This was immediately reported to the manager of the farmers' elevator, but instead of trying to meet the price, as fast as the wheat came in he weighed it, gave the owner the correct weight, and then sent him on to the syndicate elevator to sell it at fifty-five cents. When he got his money, the farmer returned to the farmers' elevator and paid in one cent per bushel, thereby netting him fifty-four cents. For several days the syndicate not only bought wheat at a loss, but virtually paid expenses and a profit besides to the institution it was trying to run out of business. In less than three weeks it gave up the fight, locked its elevator, and withdrew its agent from Solomon.

Another of the syndicates attempted to block the farmers by engaging all the accessible freight-cars on the railroad on which their elevator was located. This was what the farmers most feared, for as individuals they had been embarrassed by inability to get cars when they had a great deal of wheat to ship. When they got word from the road that one of their orders for cars could not be filled, they decided not to attempt to exert pressure upon the management of the road, but ordered cars of the agent of another road, and set teams to hauling their wheat over to its station. A few days later an agent of the first road appeared and inspected the elevator. No complaint was made to him, but he was permitted to see that a great deal of grain was going to the rival road. Since his visit the farmers have had no difficulty in getting all the cars they wanted. The profits of the association, says the letter, have already nearly equaled the investment, and the farmers have been getting several cents a bushel more for their wheat than the syndicates would have paid. This last gain from the co-operative experiments has been a frequent one, even where the experiment has shown no direct profits. In fact, the mere fear that the farmers will organize to handle their own crops has often served to moderate the demands of the private companies.

❀

Nicholas II. in France Last week occurred the state visit of the Czar and Czarina of Russia to France. They were met on Monday at Dunkirk by President Loubet, who escorted them through Rheims to Compiègne, where the greater part of the week was passed. On Saturday occurred the magnificent army review and the state lunch with its toasts pledging renewed alliance. The police and military arrangements seem to have met with deserved success, and the Czar's life and comfort have been so well assured that he may be induced ere long to make another visit to France. This is the earnest hope of many Frenchmen, who find in such a state visit a welcome evidence that France has not lost her place among the nations. If, on the Russian side, the Franco-Russian alliance was founded for cash value received, it has on the French side a very real basis of sentiment. Whether monarchists or republicans, the French are essentially a proud people, and they still smart under the sting of defeat administered to them by those whom they still often regard as German barbarians. The thirty years which have elapsed since that time have somewhat softened the chagrin, and have made two great peoples better acquainted with one another. Besides this, a new generation has sprung up, and its thought is not so much the thought of Louis Napoleon on the one hand and of Bismarck on the other as of a Waldeck-Rousseau and of a Theodor Barth. Governments have come to recognize that there are other things far better worth legislating about than the rectification of frontiers or the avengement of diplomatic snubs. The fact that recent legislation in France, instituted by the distinguished statesman who now holds the premiership, has had as its aim the checking of militarism and clericalism, the lifting up, as far as possible, of the "man in the street," and the stern maintenance of law and order, is

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exerting a salutary effect upon legislation across the Rhine and across the Pyrenees. Germany and even Spain are profiting by the inspiring example of M. Waldeck-Rousseau. The interesting question now arises whether the vast country which is the natural leader of the Slav peoples will follow in his train.

❀

Royalty and Loyalty in Canada

Last week the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York arrived at Quebec, and since then have visited Montreal and Ottawa. The royal arrivals in these cities have been characterized by the same hearty and loyal greetings which met the visitors in Australia and South Africa. The Canadian sojourn, however, is specially distinguished from the others from the fact that far greater precautions have been taken to guard the heir to the throne. The extraordinary measures adopted by the Canadian police have been in the immediate employment of all the leading Canadian detectives, while Secret Service men not known to the general public have mingled freely with the crowd. These men were always in the front rank, and any one who endeavored to approach too closely to the Duke was quickly moved back, while every man who presumed to level a camera was closely watched. Much disappointment is expressed by many Canadians and by all Americans at the non-appearance of the Duke at either Washington or Canton to do honor to the memory of President McKinley. The firm friendship existing between Great Britain and the United States would have received an emphasis in this way unattainable in any other. It is true that there was not much time in which to make the proper arrangements, and it is also true that the British Government feared lest inadequate precautions should obtain on this side the border for the guarding of the Duke's life. As yet, however, we hardly appreciate the desire of most Englishmen to manifest the practical oneness of our two peoples. We gladly note this desire as expressed by the London "Daily News:" "It would afford satisfaction to the British nation to see the Duke of Cornwall and York stand by the side of President Roosevelt at the grave as the representative of the mourners of the British Empire." The London "Chronicle" also urged that this means be taken to display British sympathy on the occasion of the funeral. It said:

> The only way in which this could be effected with emphasis, than by the presence of our Ambassador, would be by the attendance of the Duke of Cornwall and York at the command of the King and as confirmation of the sympathy his Majesty has repeatedly expressed during the past week. The distance between Montreal and Washington is not an absolute impediment, and the Canadians would not grudge a partial dislocation of their own arrangements. No doubt there are obstacles in the way which to the official mind may seem fatal and insurmountable. More than one new precedent would be created by the despatch of the Duke on this mission of sympathy and good will, but it is in the power of the King and Government to create precedents.

❀

Temperance in England

While the English Government refuses to undertake licensing reform, and Lord Salisbury gibes at the bishops who press the question on Parliament, the advocates of licensing reform have at the recent brewster sessions (as magistrates' licensing sessions are called in England) received much encouragement from the attitude of many of the benches of magistrates towards the trade. What England suffers from in respect to the liquor trade is chiefly the overabundance of public-houses. In many towns public-houses are clustered together in threes and fours, often in larger numbers; and all over urban England public-houses exist in numbers obviously out of all proportion to the needs of the community. Such a superabundance of drinking-places, with the competition for trade which goes with it, affords too many opportunities for drunkenness, and adds enormously to the work of the police. Thousands of these houses are relics of a period extending from 1830 to 1869, in which England had free trade in beer, under a system by which any householder who cared to pay a small fee could sell beer. The Duke of Wellington embarked England on this experiment. From the first it was a direful failure; and the 32,000 beer-houses which are left as a result of it to-day constitute the most troublesome phase of the licensing problem. Magistrates in brewster sessions can refuse to renew the license of an

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ordinary public-house, if they are convinced that there is no further need for the place. But with respect to these Wellingtonian beer-houses, which form one-third of the public-houses of England, their licenses, in accordance with the terms of the Act of Parliament of 1869, which ended the era of free trade in beer, cannot be refused at the annual brewster sessions unless the holders of them have conducted their houses in such a way as to bring themselves into the police courts. For twenty years magistrates in brewster sessions have been refusing to issue any new licenses; and in regard to houses already licensed they have been insisting on a higher standard of conduct. At the licensing sessions for 1900 the renewal of 216 licenses was refused. At the sessions for 1901, which are just ended, few or no new licenses were issued; scores of old licenses were not renewed; and from many of the licensing benches there were strong pronouncements in favor of wholesale reductions in the number of public-houses. The power of the magistrates to refuse renewals of licenses is, however, very circumscribed. Only in specific circumstances can they withhold a license from one of the 1830-1869 beer-houses. But the recent magisterial utterances as to the superabundance of drinking-shops and the need for reform show that the campaign against this evil is no longer confined to temperance reformers who approach the question solely from the prohibition standpoint. Lord Salisbury's successor, whether he be Mr. Balfour or Mr. Chamberlain, will soon have it brought home to him that licensing reform has now ceased to be a question which interests only members sitting on the Liberal benches of the House of Commons.

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The Old South Work How young people may be interested in good government finds a solution in the work carried on by the directors of the Old South Meeting-House in Boston. In 1876, when the Old South Meeting-House, where Washington and Hamilton and Adams once spoke, was threatened with destruction, it was saved for the city by Mrs. Mary Hemenway, a Boston woman, whose love for her country was so practically patriotic that she wished to make a patriot out of its every citizen. Mrs. Hemenway felt that a strong factor in the making was knowledge and understanding of United States history and of the men whose life and deeds rendered possible the personal freedom and opportunity every American enjoys to-day. In the summer, as soon as the schools are closed, a course of lectures on some period or movement in the history of America is given in the Old South Meeting-House on each Wednesday afternoon, and the seats are filled by the boys and girls of Boston, to whom the course is free. The speakers are those best fitted to treat the themes chosen, and are restricted only as to time—they may speak fifty-nine minutes but never sixty-one, and must avoid one thing—dullness. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, a frequent speaker upon the platform, has commented upon the increasing acuteness of the audience. "It is no longer safe," he recently remarked, "to say 1603 at the Old South when you ought to say 1602." Listening to lectures, however, if it does not stimulate to activity, is but a means of keeping out of mischief, and the lecture courses are simply the basis of the Old South work. The courses are carefully planned; that for the year 1899, for instance, the centennial of the death of Washington, was devoted to the "Life and Influence of Washington," with lectures by John Fiske on "Washington in the Revolution," by Dr. Hale on "Washington and the Constitution," by Mr. Edwin D. Mead on "Washington the True Expander of the Republic." Eight leaflets are issued in connection with the course, containing original documents of the period treated. Lists of books bearing on the subjects are published, and prizes are offered for the best essays by Boston school-children on such themes as "The Relations of the Founders of New England to the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford," "The Struggle of France and England for North America." The appreciation given to the leaflets led to the publication of a general series for the use of schools, thereby making work from original sources possible for the students. They are sold at a nominal price, and include such documents as Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, the Scottish National Covenant, William Penn's Policy for the

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Peace of Europe—a hundred in all. Another outcome of the work has been a society formed by those who have competed for the Old South prizes. It meets once a month, devotes itself to systematic historical study, and has arranged historical pilgrimages to old Rutland, Mass., "the cradle of Ohio," to the homes of Whittier by the Merrimack, to the King Philip country, and to Plymouth. The Old South work is "in exactly the right direction," John Fiske said, and it is interesting to remember that it was at Mrs. Hemenway's solicitation that Mr. Fiske undertook his brilliant work in American history; the contents of his earlier volumes were first given as lectures at the Old South. While every town in the country has not an "Old South," hallowed by the presence of Washington and Adams, there is no reason why its meeting-house or lecture-hall should not be consecrated by the utterance of the ideals which inspired the fathers, nor why every community should not have a band of young people studying the history of America and preparing to make its future history worthy of its past.

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Religious Progress The "Courier Journal," of Louisville, has done a valuable service in compiling statistics of religious progress. The growth of the population of the United States in one hundred years was about thirteen-fold, but the church membership has increased almost four times as fast as our rapidly growing population. But what about growth in benevolence, missions, and spirituality? These count immensely in measuring the influence of the Church. No figures can be made to describe fully the growth of the Church in spirituality, yet there are certain considerations which will throw much light upon the matter. There has been commendable growth in moral standards both among ministers and Christian people in general, and increased activity in many directions indicates great spiritual growth. The figures tell a wonderful story of development in missions, education, and benevolence. A hundred years ago a half-million dollars would probably cover everything raised for these purposes; now the churches of this country spend annually over twenty-eight millions on hospitals, orphanages, and other benevolence; five and a half millions for foreign missions, and an equal or greater sum for home missions. The following summary of the sums spent by the churches of the world furnishes interesting food for thought:

United States: Maintenance of all churches, $137,563,200; education and literature, $32,728,000; hospitals and orphanages, $28,300,000; improvements and missions, $43,000,000; miscellaneous, $45,466,100.

England: Church of England offerings, $37,222,170; Church of England revenues, $28,772,785; Free Church, $25,832,500; Catholic churches, $11,411,282; education and literature, $43,445,682; hospitals and orphanages, $29,121,200; improvements, missions, $18,850,765. *Scotland:* All religious purposes, $11,051,400. *Western and Northern Europe:* Roman Catholic, $102,138,200; Protestant, $67,290,400; other Christian purposes, $34,500,000; Russia and Siberia, $51,255,500; Greek Church, Patriarch of Constantinople, $5,625,000; Australia Federation, $6,900,000; Pacific Islands and Madagascar, $452,500; South Africa, $2,500,000; West Indies, $325,000; Foreign Missions not given before, $2,900,000; constituencies on the mission fields, $701,000; Roman Catholic Orders, $21,489,000; Roman Catholic missions, $9,400,000; literature and education not given before, $30,440,000; orphanages not included above, $16,080,000; Sunday-schools, lesson papers, and libraries, $6,200,500; improvements and repairs, $25,000,000; percentage estimated for non-reporting, $69,800,000; miscellaneous, $2,500,000.

The annual expenditure for the churches and benevolent work of the world is estimated at $1,009,369,494. Is not this an eloquent expression of Christian faith and service?

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Training Leaders The Secretarial Institute and Training-School of Young Men's Christian Associations closed its eighteenth summer encampment at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, August 31. As usual, there were three main sessions, one for college men, one for city and railroad volunteer workers, and one for the employed Association workers, *i.e.*, the general secretaries and physical directors. The college session is similar in plan and purpose to the Northfield Student meeting, and was attended this year by 460 college students and professors from 170 institutions located in fifteen different States. Of this number 158 were Bible-class leaders, and at the close of the ten days' session an even 100 were volunteers

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for foreign mission service. The attention of the conference was given to the problems of religious work among collegians and the part which college men should take in the extension of Christianity throughout the world. Four lines of Bible study were carried on, under the instruction of Professors Wilbert W. White, James Rain, and Messrs. August Nash and C. V. Hibbard. Earnest consideration was given to the subject of foreign missions, as the large number volunteering for foreign mission work would indicate. A session for volunteers in city and railroad work was marked by an exceptionally strong and scholarly series of papers on technical Association themes. Of special note were papers by Drs. John M. Coulter, W. Douglas MacKenzie, James G. K. McClure, and Messrs. H. B. Tileston, Robert Quayle, and J. W. Perkins. An able series of lectures on the History and Principles of the Young Men's Christian Association was given by Mr. James F. Oates. The Bible study of the conference consisted of a series of expositions of the Prophecies of Isaiah, by Dr. John R. Sampey, of Louisville. This session also lasted ten days. The third session was in the nature of a summer school, and lasted one month. This session is designed to render the same service to the employed workers in Associations that is rendered by the various summer schools to the public-school teachers. The programme of study consisted of several courses in the English Bible, and several bearing on the history and economy of the Young Men's Christian Association. Among the other courses were church history, anatomy, physiology, hygiene, first aid to the injured, and the theory and practice of gymnastics, athletics, and aquatics, together with several special scientific courses relating to physical culture. The number of teachers was sixteen, the number of students eighty-six.

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The Quaker Hill Conference

The third annual session of this unique gathering, made possible by the generosity and hospitality of residents of Quaker Hill, in Dutchess County, N. Y., closed on Sunday, September 8, with a strong, earnest sermon from Professor Fagnani, of the Union Theological Seminary, and a stirring presentation of the problems and possibilities of negro and Indian education by representatives of Hampton. The Conference lasted five full days. It drew together in the most intimate fellowship a choice company of ministers, teachers, and laity, reinforced by many who belonged in the vicinage. It sought to emphasize the scholarly yet devout study of the Bible, the candid discussion of the vital problems of society, and the state and the quickening of spiritual life. As twice before, Professor Sanders, of Yale, led a series of connected Bible studies, one on each morning, the theme this year being "The Apocalyptical Literature of the Bible." These were supplemented, on the one hand, by two characteristic studies by Professor Genung, of Amherst, on "Ecclesiastes" and "Scriptural Conceptions of the Hereafter," and, on the other, by a remarkably forceful and helpful paper on "The Critical Study of the Bible," by the Rev. Newton M. Hall, of Springfield, Mass. The latter will be published by the Conference. The general themes considered by the Conference ranged broadly from those which dealt with the problems of labor and capital to those which affect the Sunday-school and the home. A session of deep spiritual power was one for conference and prayer, opened by the Rev. Mr. Strauss, of Peekskill, on "Religion According to Jesus." Saturday was a day of patriotism and the revival of local pride. The Conference has found its place and determined its general scope. An association stands behind it. It is likely to prosper and grow. Its freedom, high standard, sanity, earnestness, and reverential tone, combined with the delightfully intimate companionship of its members at "Hill-Hope," make it at once practical and religiously and personally stimulating.

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Church Federation in New York City

The Church Federation movement has reached a basis of apparent permanency in this city by its recent legal incorporation under the name of the "Federation of Churches and Christian Organizations of the City of New York." The President of the Board of Directors is Mr. J. Seely Ward, Jr.; the Vice-President is the Hon. Charles A. Schieren, formerly Mayor of Brooklyn;

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Mr. Samuel Thorne, Jr., is Secretary, and Mr. William H. Rowe, Jr., Treasurer. Its object is stated as "organizing and assisting the churches and Christian organizations in New York City for co-operative work in behalf of the spiritual, physical, educational, economic, and social interests of its family life, and to represent the Christian sentiment of the city in regard to moral issues." This is a large programme of an urgently important work, in which the names of many prominent citizens of various religious denominations appear as co-operators.

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The New Administration

There has probably never been a time in the history of the country when party passion has been so completely silenced and the sense of National unity so universally felt as at this moment. It was little short of an inspiration which suggested that, at half-past three on Thursday afternoon of last week, the American people should pause in all their occupations and places, and stand for five minutes, with uncovered heads, about the tomb of President McKinley. It was a psychological moment; and it brought with it one of those unifying experiences which lay bare the essential principles and the profound unity of a nation's life. All differences of opinion, however strongly held, are for the moment in abeyance, and the heart and mind of the Nation possessed by the conviction of the brotherhood of man of every party and the common interests of men of every creed.

There could not have been a more impressive evidence of the growth which the country has made in strength and steadiness than the deep quietness of spirit with which it has met this grave crisis. In the first moments of indignation there was a natural outburst of righteous wrath against the assassin, but it was instantly followed by a clear recognition of the fact that the law is supreme, and that the passion of the hour, however high it may mount, must be held in check. In a people naturally sensitive and quick, given in times past to sudden outbursts of passionate feeling, the quietness with which the great crisis was met evidences a new maturity, a deeper and more thoroughly mastered National life. This attitude of the Nation has made a deep impression on the Old World, where it has been received as a striking demonstration of the strength of free institutions and of the reserve power of the American people. America has many intelligent friends abroad, but the most sympathetic of them have sometimes dreaded lest, in the strength of our youth and its natural effervescence of feeling, the Nation should sometime be led by passionate impulse into some disastrous action. To all such observers and critics the quietness of the Nation during the last two weeks has brought a new feeling of confidence.

President Roosevelt has done not a little to confirm by his whole bearing, his spoken words, and his official acts, this deep-seated confidence at home and abroad. He has met the great crisis with a calmness, a reserve, and a fine perception which have allayed the apprehensions of those who, through ignorance or lack of sympathy with the man, have dreaded the consequences of impulsiveness. Perfect dignity, perfect good taste, and beautiful reserve marked his attitude in his personal relations with the family of President McKinley, and in his assumption of authority in this trying exigency. He has seemed to understand from the first the natural desire of the country that he should speak to it, and that from the Chief Magistrate in the hour of uncertainty some calm and reassuring word should come. That word came with characteristic promptness and with characteristic clearness. It was a declaration that the large lines of policy marked out by President McKinley, now very fully understood by the country and indorsed by it, should be followed with entire loyalty.

The declaration of the President that he proposed "to continue absolutely unbroken the policy of President McKinley for the peace, prosperity, and honor of the country" has been further strengthened by an official and more detailed statement that he interprets that policy as involving a more liberal and extensive reciprocity, which shall open the markets of the world more generally for and to this country, and avoid the dangers of commercial wars, which the continuation of our old tariff policy would undoubtedly create. It is not to be expected that the President

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will favor the radical modification of the tariff which many people would be glad to welcome, but he will favor the abolition of duties which have been outgrown by the increasing manufacturing strength of the country and which are no longer needed for protection even from the protectionist's point of view. There is reason to believe also that he will favor the policy of abolishing duties on articles controlled entirely by trusts. He will favor the establishment of direct commercial lines between the eastern coast of the United States and South America and between our Pacific coast, Mexico, Central America, and South America; the encouragement of the merchant marine and the building of ships owned and controlled by American capital, which probably involves the fostering of our commerce by bounties. He believes in "the building and completion, as soon as possible, of the Isthmian Canal, and the construction of a cable owned by the Government, making possible direct communication with Hawaii and the Philippines." He favors the use of the methods of arbitration in all disputes with foreign Governments, and pledges himself to the appointment of men of the highest integrity to all public positions.

The President has given the strongest possible pledges for the carrying out of this programme by the reappointment of all the members of the Cabinet, which means a continuation of the foreign, the financial, and the domestic policy of President McKinley. There is no doubt that the President will favor steps toward placing our navy in a condition of the highest efficiency. It is probable also that he will favor developing the army to the highest point of efficiency, not by increasing it, but by the introduction of the most modern and effective methods of organization and of management. As one of the most consistent and influential of all the men who have endeavored to introduce the principle and the methods of a reformed civil service, President Roosevelt can hardly fail to carry that great reform far on towards completion. He has an opportunity in this field such as has fallen to no other President, and it cannot be doubted that he will make the very best use of it.

Underlying its confidence in the continuation of a policy which it understands and in which it believes, the country has a deeper basis of confidence in the universal faith in the integrity of the President, in his capacity for independent action, and in his devotion to public interests.

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A Memorable Man

Bishop Henry B. Whipple, who died last week at Faribault, Minn., was a representative American Christian. His life was one of strenuous endeavor, of varied experiences, and presented striking contrasts. A large part of it was spent in the Northwest in missionary labors for the Indian; but no American bishop was more welcome in England, or received at the hands of great personages in Church and State more distinguished attention. At the very impressive service held in St. Paul's Cathedral at the close of the Lambeth Conference four years ago, when the choir was filled with bishops from the whole English-speaking world and the great nave was crowded with people, Bishop Whipple and the Archbishop of Canterbury were the most conspicuous figures in the chancel, and every one present felt that the American Missionary Bishop was in his place at the side of the venerable and venerated Archbishop.

Born in Jefferson County in this State in 1822, with the best good fortune which ever befalls a child—a mother in whom intelligence and love were in perfect poise—Bishop Whipple was sent to several schools, and finally to Oberlin. His health failed at this stage in his career, and he went into business with his father under the conviction that the life of a student was impossible for him. He had a natural genius for public affairs, and very early became deeply interested in politics. General Dix appointed him Division Inspector, with the rank of colonel; on one occasion he acted as Secretary of a State Convention. But the strong impulses of his nature deepening into conviction took him out of business into ministerial life. After due study of theology he was ordained to the diaconate in Geneva, N. Y., in 1849, and to the priesthood in Christ Church, Sackett's Harbor, N. Y., in 1850. In the year of his ordination to the diaconate he became rector of Zion Church in Rome, N. Y. A story which

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he tells about one of his sermons of this period in his life is highly characteristic:

Like most young clergy, I was overconfident of my theological attainments and of the soundness of my philosophy. The Rev. Dr. George Leeds, my neighbor in Grace Church, Utica, had asked me to preach for him. I selected the sermon which I considered my best. The following day I met Judge Beardsley, who had known me from childhood, and, laying his hand earnestly on my shoulder, as I supposed to commend my eloquence of the preceding day, he said: "Henry, no matter how long you live, never preach that sermon again! I know more philosophy than you have learned. You must not try to preach to the Judge, but to the tempted, sinful man. Tell him of the love of Jesus Christ, and then you will help him." My aunt, Mrs. George Whipple, a niece of Daniel Webster, told me that when Mr. Webster was visiting in the country he attended the little church morning and evening. A fellow-Senator said to him: "Mr. Webster, I am surprised that you go twice on Sunday to hear a plain country preacher, when you pay little attention to far abler sermons in Washington." "In Washington," Mr. Webster replied, "they preach to Daniel Webster, the statesman, but this man has been telling Daniel Webster, the sinner, of Jesus of Nazareth, and it has been helping him." These taught me that God's message in Jesus Christ is to the heart.

In 1856 he went to Chicago in obedience to a call from the Free Church of the Holy Communion, which was then holding services in a public hall, and began at once that practical work among the neglected and the outcast which was to be his absorbing occupation for the remainder of his life. Three years later he was elected Bishop of Minnesota and consecrated in Richmond, Va., in October, 1859. A month later he had begun his memorable services to the Northwest, to his own Church, and to the country, at a little missionary station at Wabasha. He realized almost at a glance the condition of the Indians, and discerned both his duty and his opportunity. Writing about this time, he declared that no words could describe the deplorable condition of the Indians; they were "without government, without protection, without personal rights of property, subject to every evil influence, and the prey of covetous, dishonest white men, while the fire-water flowed in rivers of death." The keynote of the Indian policy of the country at that time was expressed in the phrase, "The only good Indian is a dead Indian." Bishop Whipple entered upon the work of his life with an enthusiasm, a practical sagacity, and a courage which, in combination, would not be thwarted, defeated, or disheartened.

He had to meet the most intangible and discouraging of foes—universal apathy. As late as 1866 the only support he could secure from his own Board of Missions was a resolution "of cordial sympathy with the Bishop of Minnesota in his efforts to carry the Gospel to the Indian race." This vaporous resolution the Bishop met in a way which compelled the appointment of a commission to inquire into the facts. Bishop Whipple himself made a report on the treatment of the Indians, and was advised not to read some portions of it, because it might bring him into personal danger. His answer was: "They are true, and the Nation needs to know them; and, so help me God, I will tell them if I am shot the next minute." Such words have not always fallen from the lips of great ecclesiastics in critical moments. Bishop Whipple was a man of heroic temper; opposition and danger were additional spurs to action. The publication of his report led to the organization of the Indian Peace Commission, and marked the beginning of a radical change in the condition of the Indians. The good Bishop was as frank and as courageous with his wards as he was with their oppressors. In an Indian council, in order to defeat the schemes of a hostile chief, he deliberately provoked him to anger. On one occasion in the chancel of the cathedral an insane divinity student drew his revolver on him. The act was instantly seen by the Bishop, who walked with quick, long strides through the chancel, and at the altar steps, by a sudden movement, seized the young man by the collar, turned him around, asking some one to help him, and the student was quietly removed and the services went on without interruption.

Bishop Whipple made a thorough study of the Indian problem. In its comment upon his Autobiography, published two years ago, The Outlook said that a complete Indian policy could be constructed by quoting verbatim from the memorial drawn up by him in 1862, in which he condemned treating with Indian tribes as independent nations, leaving them without the protection of and without amenability to law, and appointing agents as a reward for political service, and demanded

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the expenditure of Indian funds under some well-devised system which should encourage their efforts towards civilization. The same year he demanded for the Indian "an individual right in the soil." The only one of the number of reforms that have revolutionized the Indian policy of the country which the Bishop did not foresee was the public-school system supported by the Government and adequate for the education of all Indian children. Every year he traveled over three thousand miles, holding services in every part of his great and thinly settled diocese, in school-houses, in the woods, in churches loaned by the courtesy and kindness of other religious organizations. Not only was he active in behalf of the Indians in Minnesota, but he was equally active in their behalf at Washington, fighting for their rights, exposing the machinations of unscrupulous politicians and traders, and calling attention from time to time to the flagrant violations of treaties.

In 1862 the corner-stone of the Cathedral Church of Our Merciful Saviour was laid in Faribault—the first cathedral of the Episcopal Church in this country. In Bishop Whipple's conception, a modern cathedral, like a mediæval one, embodied the highest activities of life, and was to be the organic center of harmonious action for the betterment of the State. The cathedral at Faribault became the center of an educational community: a divinity school, a school for girls, and other educational institutions arose, not under the shadow of the cathedral, but as a part of the organic religious life which it represented. When a society in the East offered aid upon condition that the students who accepted it should hold certain theological opinions and send pledges to that effect, the Bishop refused the aid in a letter which ought to be reprinted whenever narrow-minded men attempt to put fetters on the mind, or intentionally to misinterpret the spirit of Christ and the genuineness of Christianity:

> A young man who enters a theological school comes as a learner. Every pledge that he has made to hold certain opinions dwarfs his mind, precludes the possibility of broadest scholarship, tends to make him a partisan, and often, by a law of human perversity, leads him to the other extreme. I have felt it my duty to say that I will not knowingly receive candidates for Orders who come bound by pledges which will prevent them from becoming true scholars.
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> I think it would be a wiser policy for you to look, *not* to the opinions of the young men, but to the piety, earnestness, and charity of the teachers to whom you confide these young men, and to the spirit of the school which is to be their home. The age demands much of the Church. She *must* have profound scholarship, great-hearted loyalty and charity, and must not by any possibility allow her true position to be narrowed into limits which will surely create parties.

The Outlook once spoke of Bishop Whipple as a genuine statesman in his grasp of fundamental principles and his sagacity in their application. Holding the highest ecclesiastical position in the gift of his Church, and that Church one of the most conservative and, in a certain sense, exclusive, Bishop Whipple stood for the broadest application of Christian principles to society, for the most practical methods in dealing with the conditions of to-day, and for applied Christianity as the molding force in civilization. In the breadth of his mind and his grasp of principles, Bishop Whipple was a statesman; in his spirit of service, his courage, and his resolute devotion to duty he was a soldier. He never lost his native simplicity and directness. He was the same man in English cathedrals, enveloped by the traditions of a stately Church, at the English universities, in the royal chapel at Windsor Castle, in his own cathedral at Faribault, and in his missionary work among the Indians; a memorable man, alike in his nature, his principles, his method, and his services.

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The Quest After God

We agree with our correspondent on another page that in all ages of the world there has been an effort of humanity to find God, and that we can never find him out to perfection; but we do not agree that we can never get any nearer to him than a discovery of some of the laws which govern in the realms of mind and of matter. Nor is it merely religious people who are seekers after God. Whether we know it or not, we are all in a quest after God. This is the universal aspiration of humanity. All study, all art, all music, all literature, all government, al

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industry, are in essence a search after the Infinite. This is science—not the bringing together of phenomena that were before dispersed and scattered, but the finding out what is the unity in phenomena that makes them all part of the one great whole. This is art. The artist does not really create; he discovers. Behind all forms of beauty there is an infinite unity, and this unity, this intrinsic and eternal beauty, the artist is seeking to discern and to make others discern. So with the musician. See him try to bring out from the piano that which he has heard in his spirit. See him try first one chord and then another, crying at last, "Eureka! I have found it!" What is this man doing? He is searching after a harmony already existing. He has not created it. He has brought it out of the inaudible into the audible, out of the immaterial into the material.

As of study, so of life; every man's life is, consciously or unconsciously, a quest of the infinite and the eternal, really. What is the doctor doing but endeavoring to ascertain what are the laws of health? He does not make them; he finds them. What is the lawyer doing? If he be a true lawyer, he is endeavoring to find out what are the laws of justice. He does not create them. They are; they always were; they always will be. The courts may disregard, the legislature may violate them, but they reassert themselves. And the lawyer and the statesman are endeavoring to find out what are these moral laws which are as true as the physical laws, and which they can as little create as the scientist can create the physical laws.

The farmer and the manufacturer also are working with God; they also are trying to find out the divine laws that lie back of nature. They are working with God whether they know it or not, in transforming useless material into useful material, in lifting up from the lower to the higher; they also are engaged in the divine pursuit, they also are really in the quest after God and God's way of working in the world.

In the deeper experiences of the soul we grow into the consciousness of what we are doing. When sorrow comes, and the child or the husband or the friend is wrapt away from our vision as Elijah was from Elisha, as in a chariot of fire, and the minister and the friends cannot comfort, then the cry of the heart before uninterpreted becomes vocal, and we cry out, "Oh that I knew where I might find him!" Sooner or later to every man comes the consciousness of this quest; sooner or later to every man the hungering desire to know a stronger and better friend than an earthly friend, a wiser and truer justice than earthly justice, a larger and diviner life than the terrestrial life.

It is wholly idle to attempt to stop this quest by saying it is a useless one. The agnostic may tell us, "I have searched everywhere for God and I cannot find him. We cannot know what we cannot see, and as we cannot see God, we cannot know him. Stop looking for him." He has been saying that for a great many years; and still the world goes on with its quest. Agnosticism has done the church a good service; for it has taught us the folly of dogmatism; it has taught us that there are no scales in which we can weigh God, no phrenological chart possible of him, that at best we know in part and we prophesy in part; but agnosticism cannot stop the soul's quest after God. Still the scientist will go on seeking for the One Energy behind all energies; still the artist will go on seeking for the Eternal Beauty in all forms of beauty; still the musician will search all the realm of audible and inaudible sounds for some new phase of the Infinite and Eternal Beauty in music; still the lawyer and the statesman will look for new applications and new forms of justice; still the manufacturer will contrive new combinations of matter; and still the merchant will carry on his work with God in distributing wealth.

No statements about God can satisfy the soul in this its quest after God. Nothing can take the place of the personal finding of him; personal communion with him; personal fellowship with him. Authority can do something for us; but there are things which it can never do—whether it be authority of creed, or of Church, or of Bible. Authority may convince us that the music of Beethoven is better than the music of Sankey, and we may accept the statement because it is made by a musical expert. But the expert's statement will not give us a thrill of joy in the music of Beethoven's symphonies,

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Every one must himself receive and hear the message of Beethoven. An expert may tell us that the poetry of Browning is better than the poetry common in our daily newspapers, and we may believe it because he is an expert; but his testimony will not give the reader the thrill of life that Browning can give to one who appreciates him. The Bible may tell the devout reader that God lived in the world eighteen centuries ago, and he may believe it; but that will not give the life that God gives. The Church may tell the devout Churchman that God is in his Church, and he may believe it; but that will not give the life that God gives.

Nothing can satisfy the quest after God except God himself. We must come to know him as Abraham knew him, as David knew him, as Isaiah knew him, as Paul knew him, or our quest will never be satisfied. "Oh that I knew where I might find him!" is the cry of humanity, and only God himself can satisfy it. Modern science has done something to clear away misapprehension, and make the quest after God both easier and more difficult. It has destroyed certain phases of idolatry, subtle but real, and is teaching us not to be satisfied with an image. It has abolished polytheism, and taught us that there is one energy, not a great many energies, one power, not a great many powers. But it is not only, nor chiefly, in physical nature that the God we want to know manifests himself. He manifests himself in men. It is not only physical nature which is a unity; there is a unity in history, in literature, in society. Otherwise there could be no science of sociology, no development of history, no understanding of literature. And this unity that binds together the whole human race is God—God in life, God working out one great end through all history.

And if so, why may not God appear in one supreme manifestation in history? Some of us believe we have found him there. We have looked into the clouds, into the flowers, into the lakes, into the mountains, and we have seen his handiwork and been sure that he was behind it all. We have looked in history, and in its great currents and in its great events we have seen his handiwork and been sure that he was working out something. We have stood upon the nether side of history, and we have seen the pattern of righteousness and liberty and justice slowly growing, and we have been sure there was some one on the other side, though we could not see him; he was a hidden workman. But now some of us believe that we can find the hand that does this work. We have a personified God.

Eighteen centuries ago there appeared a man in the little province of Palestine. He lived a quiet, humble life. He loved and served and suffered, and drew men to him by his love and his service and his sacrifice. After his death there grew up an impression among his disciples that he had risen from the dead, and the conviction laid hold upon them, and they believed it with all their hearts, that this man, who had so loved with this great love, was the revelation of God's grace, that he was "full of grace and truth," as John calls him. He never built a house, but more splendid edifices have been built to his memory than to all other names put together in the world's history. He never wrote a line of music, but he has inspired more music than any other man. He never painted a picture, but painting was born in his birth. He wrote no great books, but he inspired the most splendid literature the world has seen. He wrought no specific reform, but wherever his cross has gone slavery has been abolished, war has been ameliorated, and pestilence has disappeared. The Christian looks back through this ever-increasing illumination and sees in the far-off century the Star from which it comes, and believes that in him he gets the answer to the cry, "Oh that I knew where I might find him!"

We do not mean to enter into the hot debates respecting the person and character and work of Jesus Christ. They are unutterably offensive. We have fought over his cross until the smoke of our cannon has obscured the vision of his life and death from our eyes. We will have none of it. We will not debate, but we believe that God was in Christ and that Christ was God manifest in the flesh. He is the highest and supremest manifestation of this unknown God possible in a single human life. What Christ was, God is—coming into every sorrowing household with the message, "Thy brother shall rise again," coming to every Pharisee with the

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warning, "Woe unto you Pharisees, which devour widows' houses and for a pretense make long prayers," coming to every despairing sinner with the words, "Go in peace; thy sins be forgiven thee."

Nor is this all. He said of himself, "I am the door." A door is an entrance. Christ is the door by which we enter in unto God and by which God enters in unto us. This is the meaning of the resurrection. It is not the mere curious fact that a man died and rose again from the dead. It does not greatly concern us whether Lazarus rose from the dead or not. It does concern us that our Master could not die, and, having apparently died, came back again, with visible witness to his own disciples, that we might know that he lives to-day, as truly in every American town as he ever did in Nazareth, as truly by our side as he ever was by the side of James and John. True, we have not known him in the body, but what Paul says we also may reverently say: If I had known him in the body, I would not have cared, for I know him in the spirit.

"Oh that I knew where I might find him!" Look about; he is in all the phenomena of life: look back; he is in the one incomparable Son of God: look within; he is in every noble discontent, in every inspiring aspiration. We need not ascend up into the heavens to drag him down. We need not go down into the depths to drag him up. He is in the hearts of all who truly desire him.

"Oh that I knew where I might find him!" The answer is in the Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed; in "the Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness," which is building up out of history a kingdom of truth and purity and liberty and justice; in the one transcendent figure in human history manifesting the Divine Spirit because manifesting the infinite and unquenchable love; in the spirit in our own hearts, of truth and purity and goodness which we miscall our better nature, but which is in reality God's own voice, God's own presence, God's own spirit, speaking to us and working in us—"never so far as even to be near," "closer than breathing, nearer than hands or feet."

This is our answer to our correspondent's inquiry on another page.

L. A.

The Spectator

In the course of a recent outing the Spectator made some entries in his notebook concerning things both new and old. Among these is a fresh illustration of the art, not unknown before, of finding out where one is by whistling. The little steamboats that thread the tortuous, rock-fringed straits on the Maine coast between the mainland and the bordering islands, though frequently befogged, rush on as in clear weather. When the engine has made the number of revolutions requisite to carry the boat from one turn to another, the whistle is blown to get the echo appropriate to that point. If the proper echo is returned, all is well, and the skipper lays his course, as charted, for the next stretch. So well does he know all the varying currents and tides, with their effects upon his progress, that this device usually succeeds. But if he fails to get the expected echo, he must slow up and grope till he can locate himself. Charmed at first with the novelty of the thing, the Spectator reflected that it was really nothing but the application by navigators of a method long practiced by politicians. As illustrations from our domestic history might not be palatable to all readers, the Spectator may point to Germany, where the project of a higher tariff in the interest of the landlords has recently been given out, in advance of its appearance before the Reichstag, for that free discussion in the newspapers which was expected to reveal by the preponderance of laudatory or of damnatory echoes whether it should be enacted or squelched. In like manner, many a Presidential or Gubernatorial speech seems to the Spectator simply whistling for the popular echo, with its mandate to go ahead or to stop.

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The Spectator has heard things about the relaxing of the old-time rigor of New England usage, but had not expected to find practices permitted on otherwise well-regulated lines of travel which would not be tolerated on a Jersey ferryboat. On the boats of the Boston and Bangor Steamship Company dogs have taken the place of tobacco on the prohibitive legends posted here and there, and the lovers of the weed have unrestricted range. The

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Spectator, while not averse to being mildly fumigated by the consumer of a good cigar, felt indignation at sundry mariners, more or less ancient, who puffed their pipes in the faces of ladies on the saloon deck, and cleared their neighborhood like men used to carrying a broom at the masthead. In the Spectator's boyhood the municipal ordinances of Boston made it a misdemeanor to smoke on the streets. In those good old times, when our countrymen from the South came to the Puritan city in quest of fugitive bondmen, the popular resentment of their errand expressed itself in haling them before the police court to be fined for the unchartered liberty with which they had burned tobacco in public. The enormous departure from such traditions witnessed on the route of travel to so immaculate a resort of fashionable people as Bar Harbor impressed the Spectator with the correctness of the late Dr. Holmes's observations at Boston, as recorded in his verses on "The Beginning of the Hot Season:"

> And when I left, society
> Had burst its ancient guards.

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This reminiscence of that radiant son of Apollo recalls another observation of his upon "The Trials of a Sensitive Man," among which he reckoned

> Men, plugless word-spouts, whose deep fountains lie
> Within their lungs.

One of that tribe chanced to be the Spectator's seatmate on a train. With that lack of reticence about himself by which some strangers are wont to express their sense of all men's brotherhood, he made it known that he was an Adventist preacher on his way from one camp-meeting to another. The Spectator reflected that he had never attended such a camp-meeting, and, now that he might have a preacher all to himself for half an hour, the opportunity seemed one not to be neglected. The tap of speech being turned by a pertinent inquiry, the ensuing monologue consisted of a *potpourri* of texts and comments from Genesis, Leviticus, Job, and the New Testament in support of the thesis that there is no resurrection for "the wicked," but only for such as are "in Christ." When a text or two were quoted in reply, the preacher, pointing to the Spectator's dress-suit case, asked, "Are you a drummer?" This artless implication that the Bible is not altogether neglected by drummers suggested a larger hope to the Spectator for that much-tempted class of men. The preacher's reference to himself as a living proof of the prophecy, "All that will live godly shall suffer tribulation," naturally appealed to sympathy. But to the Spectator's inquiry, "How and where have you experienced that?" he softly rejoined, "In my family; they call me a crank." That the family might not be quite wrong in this appeared in his confident expectation of the end of the world in 1903, "or sooner," the last premonitory sign, the stars falling from heaven, having been given in 1833 (he had not heard of the meteoric shower of 1866, in Syria), so that in two years more "this generation," liberally estimated as a period of seventy years, would pass away, and all would be fulfilled.

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The deeply indented coast line on which the charming summer settlements at Mount Desert are built occasions an agreeable change from common ways of getting about. To visit a friend or to go to church it is often more direct to take a boat than to follow the road. The Spectator, elsewhere dependent on trolley cars, found superior pleasure in afternoon calls mediated by a pair of oars across a placid strait fringed with evergreen and sentineled by gaunt granitic hills. But he also found fresh illustration of the familiar fact that some people require more time than others to readjust old theories to new conditions. This changed basis of locomotion from land to water had not modified the opinion of some, that it was still inadmissible to indulge in a restful row on a Sunday afternoon, though quite proper to excite the sudorific glands by a laborious tramp. The Spectator's mild suggestion that it was merely a question of substituting arms for legs seemed to be foiled by a notion that rowing was more hedonistic than tramping—an idea suggestive of the old Puritan sentiment, as reported by Macaulay, that bear-baiting was objectionable less for the misery caused the bear than for the pleasure given to the bystanders. On this the Spectator judged it wiser to muse than to

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argue. Further musing was occasioned by a novel custom of which he experienced the benefit. A tiny steamboat that regularly carries church-goers from harbor to harbor makes a charge of twenty-five cents for conveyance to church, but carries the worshiper home gratuitously. This custom the Spectator at first deemed to militate against sound views of the comparative desirability of the church and the home, according to the principle that the value of a thing is expressed in terms of what one is expected to pay for it. Another hypothesis commended itself as more consonant with human feeling, even in unregenerate men, to wit, that the twenty-five cent tariff interposed an inconsiderable barrier to church-going, while home-coming was decidedly favored by "the open door." Whether that individual skipper was regenerate or unregenerate the Spectator did not inquire. But he has heard that class of men well spoken of as "the salts of the earth."

Washington, September Seventeenth

By a Staff Correspondent

AT nine o'clock this morning a trumpet was heard in Lafayette Square. At this sound a line of mounted troops on one side of the Square became practically a line of statues. The line extended for a long distance on that part of Pennsylvania Avenue which separates Lafayette Square from the White House. Then came a long roll from the drummers, and then a strain of what has become a new National anthem. For many years no English-speaking person can hear or sing "Nearer, my God, to Thee," that immortal expression of longing for the Eternal, without remembering that in crucial moments it was the cry of two great men—Phillips Brooks and William McKinley.

As the stanza comes to an end, a stout grizzled officer, wearing a broad yellow sash over his gorgeous uniform, raises his sword. A military command rings out. The cavalry swing into line. They are to escort from the White House to the Capitol all that is mortal of their Commander-in-Chief.

Following General Brooke—ranking Major-General of the army—and the artillery band—which is playing a soul-moving dirge—come the cavalry squadron, their white and red guidons limp in the damp air. Then comes a battery of field artillery, and after it Company A of United States Engineers. These in turn are followed by two battalions of Coast Artillery, and these by a detachment of the Hospital Corps.

The Marine Band, with its inspiring music, appropriately heads the naval contingent, which consists of a battalion of marines and a battalion of United States seamen. Of all the men in line, the bluejackets are the most pleasing. Some of them are from the North American squadron, which has only just arrived in Hampton Roads. The sailors' bare brown necks and easy, swinging step somehow speak more of actual service than do the trim soldiers marching on ahead.

The new National Guard of the District of Columbia closes the first part of the procession. All the military organizations in it have been carrying their arms, but have had their colors draped and furled. The effect of the whole has been extremely impressive, so impressive that it would seem as if the movement of our soldiers through the streets of the National Capital might oftener be seen without carrying with it any hint of militarism. And we might oftener see and hear the military band in their brilliant uniforms. They are a welcome break in the dead monotony of this raw, rainy day and in the funereal habiliments all about us—such a dash of color as one comes upon suddenly in Parliament Street, London, in passing the Horse Guards. Why should not our War Department also have its red-coated or blue-coated guardsman on horseback, under some to-be-provided entrance, a living figure typifying in form and color our genius and our institutions, a figure which would give to every passer-by a thrill of conscious pride? In our endeavor to maintain republican simplicity we are getting too much simplicity. First, there is a stern necessity, never adequately realized,

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for a greater guarding of the lives of our Presidents. Second, the fact persists that we are not totally different from other peoples in an instinctive fancy for a certain splendor as distinguishing National pageants. All humans like color and movement, but on National great days we rarely have an over-supply.

Now follows the civic section of the procession. It comprises detachments of fifty men each, from veteran societies. The White House gates are thrown open, and through them emerges a plain hearse. A gun-carriage might well have borne the body of the soldier-statesman; instead, his remains have been placed in a hearse drawn by six horses, each horse led by a footman. On either side march six sailors and six artillerymen, and beyond these on either side is the guard of honor, made up of officers from the army and the navy. The hearse is followed by carriages containing the family and relatives of the late President, the ex-President, the President, the Cabinet, the Diplomatic Corps, Justices of the Supreme Court, Senators and Representatives, Governors of States, and all of the high officials in Washington, together with the officers of special commissions, the official representatives of the insular governments, and various organized societies. The civilians comprise masonic, military, and labor societies.

Both procession and onlookers are numbering many thousands. Pennsylvania Avenue is densely thronged. Along this historic thoroughfare have passed the Union armies under Grant and Sherman, returning from a four years' contest to save the State. Amid the plaudits of a crowd of people, brilliant processions have also swept along, celebrating the inauguration of many Presidents. Last March such a procession escorted William McKinley as he drove through Pennsylvania Avenue to enter on his second term as President of the United States. No President was ever chosen for a second four years with juster confidence in the country's future prosperity as assured by the first term of the incumbent. To-day his remains are passing along that avenue, escorted by a procession more impressive than the one of last March, and greeted by a crowd also more impressive.

A great stillness breathes around. There is a Sunday quiet. The cries of hucksters and fakirs and all the usual street noises have ceased. Owing to the law passed in recent years, no mourning drapery is to be seen on any public edifice; only their flags may be half-masted. On private buildings, however, there is an abundance of black, though there is a regrettable absence of purple. There is plenty of individual mourning among the masses, gathered not so much to witness a pageant as by their presence to indicate the respect and admiration felt for a man who was the type of everything we love to call American. Hence they are clinging to their places, despite the persistent and pelting rain. It is easy to see that they wear no conventional mourning. The sincerity and depth of grief betokened by crape on button and badge and armband is not belied by the faces of the people. It is a mourning by all the people. If the colored day-laborer cannot afford to buy a bit of crape, there is some sort of black cloth wound in with the cheap cotton flag over his door, or he is wearing some old campaign button with the McKinley portrait thereon.

The sad procession reaches its destination. Meanwhile some of us, after seeing the procession leave the White House, had gone rapidly to the Capitol, and from its south porch had been watching the pageant's slow approach up the mile-long straight stretch between us and the Treasury Building. Now we go to our places in the rotunda. There are but eight hundred-odd such places. The rotunda bears no sign of mourning, save a plain and repellent-looking catafalque. The gaunt white mural columns stretch barrenly upwards. Through the windows, a hundred feet above, comes the untempered daylight. Away overhead in the vaulted dome there is a fresco glorifying our National motto, "E Pluribus Unum." It represents in allegory the majesty of the people. Freedom and Victory have Washington between them, and behind stand various figures representing the thirteen original States. The picture means that a free people may make a victorious government.

The north doors are flung open, and a line of military officers enters. Then comes the casket, borne high on the shoulders of five sailors and five soldiers.

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It is wrapped in a magnificent silk flag, which, glorious in its sufficiency, should have been its only decoration. The flowers upon it seem only an intrusion. But not so seem the massive floral decorations ranged on the north porch and round the rotunda. They represent offerings from countries and communities as far apart as Buenos Ayres and Yonkers, and from many societies and personal friends. They exactly and exquisitely express the love of the whole world for William McKinley. The flowers also serve to introduce a welcome note of color, as most of them are a grateful change from too much funereal white. Purple orchids predominate. Another pleasant interruption in the monotony of the somber day is found in the Capitol grounds themselves, which have rarely looked more attractive, the rain having made the grass and trees particularly green, and some red flowering shrubs contributing a needed note of cheer.

Upon a platform on which Lincoln's remains had once reposed now rests another coffin. In its narrow embrace lies what but a fortnight since had been the embodiment of health and life.

To the right of the catafalque are the members of the late President's family; to the left, the new President and Mr. Cleveland and the Cabinet. The occasions must have been few when the eight hundred seats have accommodated a more representative or distinguished audience. Of course the new President and his family are the cynosure of all eyes. No one could have comported himself with more quiet dignity than Mr. Roosevelt, and his popularity has been doubled by his bearing during the past week. Every one has wanted to see him and the new First Lady of the Land. There is a clear-cut line between toadyism and flunkyism on the one hand, and, on the other, a perfectly natural interest in the head of our Government and in those most closely associated with him both in domestic and political relations. In the latter relation the man who draws special attention is the one next to Mr. Roosevelt in the succession to the Presidency. Colonel Hay is one of the most thoroughly trained Secretaries of State in our history, and has accomplished more than has any other. He has, however, a further claim to interest, for his is the one pre-eminently historic figure of the occasion. He is the only one present who had been a close friend of our three martyred Presidents, and the only one who had played a prominent part in the administration of events following the three assassinations. The appearance of Secretaries Gage and Root next in succession calls to mind the fact that nowhere had the dead President displayed greater ability than in choosing these three Cabinet advisers. That President Roosevelt will insist on retaining such men is accepted as a matter of course.

After the singing of the first hymn, the Rev. Dr. Naylor offers a supplication; the entire company joins at the end in the Lord's Prayer. After a soprano solo, Bishop Andrews delivers an unoratorical oration, but one simple, direct, and earnest. "Nearer, my God, to Thee" is sung as if by common consent by the entire audience. Lastly, the benediction is pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Chapman. None of the clergy wear gowns. Owing to the vast cavernous space of the rotunda, the voices of the speakers can be heard by only a portion of the auditors, and even to those near the speakers the echoes are so distressing that a single voice sometimes seems like a discussion among several.

The day as a whole, however, has been rendered unforgettable by the people rather than by the procession, and by the Capitol itself rather than by the religious services within. We should be thankful to have such a building. In its generous extent and perfect lines it is an embodiment of American ideals. It is thus our most genuine National monument. No other structure can for a moment compare with it in dignity—we think of the Houses of Parliament on the Thames, or of the Chamber of Deputies on the Seine, or of the Reichstag on the Spree, but these are miserably insignificant beside the building which has, first, a site incomparably better than theirs, and, second, is the most felicitous of all architectural attempts to express the life of a nation. To-day, in leaving the mighty dome, more majestic, more meaningful than ever, one instinctively exclaims, as did Garfield when he heard that Lincoln had been shot, "God reigns and the Government at Washington still lives."

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Anarchism and Atheism[1]

A Sermon on the Death of President McKinley

By the Right Rev. William C. Doane

Bishop of Albany

"Behold, I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."—Gal. vi.

"No man can serve two masters."—Matt. vi., 24.

SO the Epistle ended, and so began the Gospel which never ends, at our celebration of the Holy Communion this morning. The marks in the body which the Apostle bore were the stigmata, not printed in an ecstatic imagination, but burned in and stamped indelibly, first by the blinding light which burned its way through darkened eyes to illuminate his soul, then by the baptism which enrolled him in the company of believers, and then by the stripes and rods and stones of his long-suffering ministry of Christ. And these stigmata, these marks of the Lord Jesus, sealed him, as slaves and soldiers were branded in his day, as the soldier and servant of Christ. And when the Gospel takes up this same thought, with the words, "No man can serve two masters," it is not merely a rebuke of the futile attempt which men make in their double lives to be servants of Christ and at the same time servants of the god of this world; it is, before that and more than that, the statement of a great fact, that all life is service, that every man has some master, that the whole thought of riddance from rule, and abolition of authority, and destruction of government, and escape from law, and independence in the sense of freedom from control, is godless and unhuman and idiotic and impossible. And this is the mad conceit of Anarchy.

Brethren and friends, the shadow and sorrow, the suspense and shame, which darkened all our hearts a week ago, lifted a little while like the cold gleam of a treacherous sunrise in winter, have deepened into the blackness of this inexplicable and almost intolerable grief. It is a darkness with two shades of black in it—the mourning for our loss and the impenetrableness of the mystery of it. We seem to have "come to a mount that burns with fire, and unto blackness and darkness and tempest," but there is "the sound of a trumpet and the voice of words" which it becomes us to hear and heed.

What does it mean that the powers of evil have prevailed; that a life on which seemed to hang the destinies of a nation has been given over into the power of a fanantical fury; that a cowardly and cruel act of treachery has wrought its wicked will? What does it mean that the supplications of millions of people have fallen upon a deaf ear; that in the storm and stress of all our anxieties and fears the Master seemed to be "asleep on a pillow" and to "care not if we perish"? There are three answers. First, that there is no God, but only fate and chance—cruel, immovable, careless, and jeering at human life. Secondly, that there is no power in prayer. And then one other: that God's ways are not as our ways, nor our thoughts as his thoughts. "This is God's way," that Christian hero said as he lay dying; "His will be done."

I begin here, because the whole question begins here. The doubt, the distress, the impatience, the resistance which rise up and trouble our hearts, are in themselves symptoms of intellectual and spiritual anarchy. This is the Anarchist's first thought. Before he has hatched his plots of foul conspiracy against earthly government; before he has defiled the air of heaven with the bombast and bitterness of his contempt of human authority; before he has lifted his treacherous hand against the civil magistrate, or laid his underground mines to break up social order, he has dethroned God. He is an atheist before he is an Anarchist; he is an Anarchist because he is an atheist. With the resistless force of the progress from a premiss of unbelief to a conclusion of crime, the unrelenting and infernal logic runs—there is no God to ordain powers, there are no powers ordained of God,

[1] Preached in the Church of St. Mary by the Sea, Northeast Harbor, Me., on Sunday, September 15.

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there are no powers at all. And, to-day, until we are willing to bow down in silent submission underneath the crushing of this blow; till, through all the stunned astonishment of its recent falling, we are content to sit silent in the dust; till, with no shadow of question, we acknowledge God's presence and God's providence behind and in and over all, we are on the side of "the lawless and the profane," the libertine, the Anarchist, and the assassin. "The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," "King of kings and Lord of lords." "He ruleth over all from the beginning." "The Lord is King, be the people never so impatient; He sitteth between the cherubim, be the earth never so unquiet."

We stand almost aghast with fear lest the strong impulse which flung this Nation on its knees a week ago, lest the uplifting of those days of hope which seemed an answer to the whole world's prayer, now that the words of our supplication seem thrown back upon our hearts like the mocking echo from the hard rock, now that the gift which was almost ours has been taken away—one fears lest, like the sweep of a retreating tide, all this should react into distrust and denial, and the dethroning of God from our hearts. This would be the childish pettishness of rebellion which refuses the discipline of the father's hand. The manhood of real and robust faith *knows* that because the event has issued from the will of Him in whom all power mingles with all wisdom and all love, therefore He has given us, not what we longed and hoped for, but what was right for us to have, and the lesson lies for us to learn and publish and proclaim, "It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him right." Wonder and grief and sense of personal bereavement we must feel, every one, but not doubt, not distrust, not denial. Just because of its impenetrableness, because of its inexplicableness, because of its unintelligibility, it must be from Him. "Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself," and yet thou art "the God of Israel, the Saviour." God save us from the spiritual anarchy of the atheist, the agnostic, the unbeliever, who saith "in his heart, There is no God."

God save us from this other anarchy of men who call themselves and count themselves above and beyond and independent of authority and law. We picture to ourselves an Anarchist in the unlovely personality of man or woman plotting, scheming, conspiring in the dark, or blatant and bitter in their denunciation of all government; cruel and stealthy and deadly, with the trail of a serpent and the tread of a tiger, and the snapping and snarling of a mad dog—unsexed women and dehumanized men; and such he is, such she is, in the finished development of their rabies. But the incipient stage, the embryonic beginning of all this, bears such faint and far-away resemblance to its outcome that we fail to detect the symptoms in ourselves. I have spoken here, I think none too strongly, of the too prevalent tendency in our time to violent personalities of speech; presuming to assign motives, to condemn character, and to assail the individual under pretense of criticising methods and opposing policies. There can be no question but that in an atmosphere of embittered violence the murderer gets the inspiration which chooses a bullet or a dagger instead of the weapons of "tongues which are spears and arrows and sharp swords." Out of the reek of all this licentious and unbridled speech come the spawn and the sputum of the Anarchist and the assassin. But when we are seeking to heal disease, to eradicate evil, we have need to get at the roots and germs, and I am constrained to look for these in earlier lives and quieter places than in the grown-up censoriousness of self-conceit and unbridled partisanship, or in the halls of public harangues and the offices of the public press. I am compelled to look for them in the attitude of the nineteenth-century childhood and the atmosphere of the nineteenth-century home. It must, it seems to me, begin with us elders. Parental indulgence, parental indifference, parental impatience, parental inconsistency; the inconsiderateness with which we let our uncontrolled tempers, our unbridled tongues, our unguarded actions, betray the unreality of our own characters in which we are proposing to mold the clay of childhood in its plastic time; the proxy bringing up of children, because fathers are too busy and mothers too lazy to watch over them themselves; the homes which are merely houses to sleep in and to eat in, but not to live the common life in, with its shared

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interests, its divided duties, its common joys and sorrows and concerns; the envies and rivalries and strifes for position, the utter earthliness of aims and ambitions, of training and example; the unblessed food, the ungathered family for prayer, the uncertainty and variableness of discipline; and the stigma, in the base counterfeit sense of the modern use of the word, the stigma set on homes by the disgrace of divorce. Oh, what a stern protest such a married life as that of the dead President lifts up against the criminal cowardice or the incontinence of men who use the misfortune of a woman or the misery of a misfitting marriage as the excuse for synchronous or successive polygamy! And then, on the other hand, in the child of to-day, pertness and impertinence, discourtesy and disrespect and disobedience, resistance of control, either in open rebellion or in the evasions of deceit, questioning and criticising and self-assertion as the habit of its mind. What are we breeding, brethren, in these caricatures of home, if not the very contempt for authority—which too often makes itself contemptible by its inconsistencies—which is the source and spring and "root of bitterness," from which flow and grow the spirit of insubordination which disturbs the governments of the world? Is it not time to hark back to God's old commandment and say to the child, "Honor thy father and thy mother," and to plead with fathers and mothers to make themselves honorable to their children? Have we not need, if we would cure this frightful evil and arrest this threatening destruction of all that makes society safe, life sweet, and authority secure, to pray, "O Lord, turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers," and "Smite not the earth with the curse" of disobedience and lawlessness and disorder and misrule?

I am intensely impressed with the unfitness of using the house of God, and the unfairness of using the liberty of preaching, for the eulogies of men living or dead, or for the utterance of the personal opinions of the preacher upon controverted points; but I am sure you will accord me the right of saying that it would be easy for me, if I were speaking in a place of civic gathering, to use the language of supreme admiration, not only for the public service but for the private character of William McKinley, for I have always reverenced and almost loved the man. I believe that in his administration he has had before his eyes the best interests of the American people, that he has been the lover and promoter of prosperity and peace, that he has risen beyond and stood above all personal ambitions, all petty purposes, all partisan aims, all political ends. There are some who count this debatable ground. The verdict will be given by posterity when the record of results has become history. To-day we stand to thank God for a man only less great than Lincoln—who was the greatest of Americans—whose life, in the fierce light that beats on thrones, stands pure and clean and white in all the virtues that become a man patient and faithful, with the courtesy and gallantry of a true gentleman, loyal beyond compare to the holy and tender offices of a husband, who has "wronged no man, who has corrupted no man, who has defrauded no man," who has lived and died in the faith and fear and favor of God; whose first thought when the dastardly shot was fired that cost us his life was against violence toward the murderer, and then of consideration for his wife; whose last word was a triumphant sense of drawing nearer to God, to whom he had been near through all his life, and a quiet acceptance of this mysterious providence. "This is God's way; His will be done." "No man could live in the White House," he said to me three years ago, "who did not trust in the providence of God;" and he kept that saying with the patience of the old patriarch Job, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him;" and he knows now, as we do not, "the *end* of the Lord, that the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy." To-day there is a prince and a great man fallen in Israel, and, like Joseph's mourning for his father at the threshing-floor of Atad, it is "a grievous mourning for the" people of America.

It seems a heartless thing and has a heartless sound, that old saying, "The King is dead, long live the King," but it is a great fundamental truth which gives the lie to all the hopes and thoughts of Anarchists. We have realized it here to-day when we prayed for the President, meaning another man and another name.

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It is easy for me, with all my heart and all my hopes, to say this prayer for Theodore Roosevelt, because I know the man and trust him and honor him and love him. Here again it is unfit and unfair for me to intrude my personal feelings and convictions upon you in this place. Out in the open of Western life, of service as Civil Service Commissioner, as Police Commissioner of the city and Governor of the State of New York, as soldier and as fighter, he has lived his brief and brilliant life, transparent as a crystal in its honesty and energy, before the eyes of all our people. Eager, impetuous, impulsive, intense, untiring, unguarded, it would be strange if there were not faults and flaws that men could find which are the defects of his virtues. But, be he what he may and think of him what you will, he has been called of God to be the ruler of this people, only indirectly by the popular vote, and in no Christian sense at all by accident, but with the most intense solemnity of circumstance. And I summon you to-day, not because he is the man he is, but because he is the President of the United States, to give him your hopes, your prayers, your expectations, if not yet your confidence; and, as you fear God, to honor him in his office and uphold him in the awful shock and suddenness of his high responsibility, remembering "whose authority he bears." Begin to-day with the warning in your ears, and let it ring there as the sound of the waves in the sea-shell: "Thou shalt not speak evil of the ruler of thy people." "Love the brotherhood, fear God, honor the king."

Brethren, I bid your prayers to-day not only for this bereaved people, but for the lonely widow, lonely in an unwonted loneliness, of this murdered man; for the faithful surgeons who lavished love and skill to be dashed down to disappointment from the height of their hope; and for the wise and chosen counselors of the Cabinet, mourning the loss not only of their great leader, but of their beloved friend.

There is a body lying in Buffalo to-day, or perhaps passing on, as men bore Joseph's body of old, to its place of burial, which bears, not now for the first time, "the marks of the Lord Jesus." I count these cruel wounds that compassed his death more truly stigmata than those that dreamed themselves upon the hands of Francis of Assisi. Still more do I believe that, stamped and sealed into his character as a servant of God, as a good and righteous man, as a devout believer, as faithful unto death, are the marks of a true soldier and loyal servant of Jesus Christ, by which, in the day of the sealing of the servants of God, the Captain and the Master will know him, and own him as one to be made "ruler over many things" and to "enter into the joy of his Lord."

Methodists in Council

By the Rev. Jesse Bowman Young, D.D.

SIX hundred delegates, representing twelve Methodist denominations in America and as many more in other parts of the world, with an aggregate membership of perhaps nine millions —the exact data at this writing have not yet been tabulated—and a Methodist population of two or three times that number, are now in session in this great city of London, holding the third decennial Ecumenical Conference. The place where they assemble from day to day is full of inspiring suggestiveness and evangelistic associations—Wesley's Chapel in City Road, projected and built by him one hundred and twenty-three years ago, and kept in constant use since that time by his followers. In recent years a fine bronze statue of Wesley has been erected in front of the building, and the interior has been renovated and beautified. Tablets, busts, and memorials of Wesleyan leaders adorn the walls, while the dust of the great Founder of Methodism rests underneath a simple shaft in the rear of the church. To his followers, and to many others who apprehend what his example and influence have done for our modern world, the place is fraught with sacred associations. Some phases of the

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significance of the Conference now going on in this Mecca of Methodism may be briefly indicated.

In the first place, the opening sermon by Bishop Charles B. Galloway, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, emphasized as the vital and essential feature of the Methodist movement the possession of a conscious salvation, an experience of peace, love for Christ, and joy in his service such as gave the Apostles the impulse to testify and fortitude to suffer in the name of their Lord. The sermon was old-fashioned in doctrine, but fresh and virile in its putting of the old truth.

The tendency toward Methodistic unification is receiving a fresh illustration and a new impetus at the Conference. Delegates from Canada, where a few years ago half a dozen rival denominations finally coalesced, were jubilant in their testimonies concerning the advantages which had come to them by union. Speakers from Australia rejoiced that unification in that new federal commonwealth was virtually complete, and that on the first of next January there would be but one Methodist denomination in that far-away nation. Hints were thrown out that in Great Britain measures were on foot looking toward the union of two or three, at least, of the larger Wesleyan bodies over here; and the Rev. Dr. J. F. Goucher, President of the Woman's College of Baltimore, in his able paper on the state of the Church in the United States, urged the coalescence of all Afro-American Methodists into one body, which would number a million and three-quarters, and the formation of a federation between the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church South—the word federation being perhaps only a "feeler" in the direction of organic union. Whether the time is ripe for such movements or not, we opine that the drift is in that direction. The waste of men and time and money and labor under the present régime is enormous, and while it may be necessary for some old-timers to die and get buried out of sight before organic union between the two chief branches of American Methodism can be effected, yet the appointed time draws near. God speed the day of unification!

The Afro-Americans have been treated with generous consideration. Their addresses have called forth, meritoriously too, enthusiastic applause; they have been entertained with genuine English hospitality in many elegant, even palatial, homes in London, and they have been made to feel, as they do not often realize in America, that

"A man's a man for a' that."

Some days before the Conference opened, a few delegates of African descent were assigned to St. Ermin's Hotel by the entertainment committee. Some American tourists, guests also at this house, showed instant signs of colorphobia, and went in high dudgeon to the host and demanded that the Afro-Americans be turned out—"or they themselves would leave." The reply of the hotel proprietor ought to stiffen the backbone of every lover of freedom. He said: "Do as you please about going. These colored men are delegates to the Ecumenical Methodist Conference to be held in this city. With other guests, they are assigned to me for entertainment. Under English law and custom they are men, with all the rights that other men have. They are here to stay!" Two of the tourists sought other quarters, but the colored men stayed.

One of the most striking facts in the Conference thus far has been the intense loyalty to Greater Britain shown by colonial delegates. Canada, New Zealand, Australia, Fiji, and South Africa have vied with one another in expressions of love for the Empire and appreciation of the Imperial policy now in vogue. A sprinkling of Irish and English opponents to the South African war have briefly but unmistakably made themselves known among the delegates, but the men from the colonies appear to be unanimous in their conviction that that war was inevitable, and that out of it will come another great heritage for commerce and Christianity. Other features of the Conference remain to be developed in its later proceedings.

London, England.

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College Education and Success

By John W. Leonard

Editor of "Who's Who in America."

NO subject of current discussion is more worth while than that which relates to the value of higher education as a factor in success. For although, in the present day as in the past, there are those who are willing to pursue the truth for truth's sake, it is none the less a fact that most of us hope to succeed. Therefore there is a general desire to secure an education which will so enlarge our minds, broaden our vision, and train our faculties that it will furnish us with the best possible equipment for success in our chosen field of endeavor. Even those imbued with a desire for knowledge for its own sake are, in the majority of cases, compelled by circumstances to adopt the utilitarian view of education, and upon this basis to determine where to go to learn, and what and how much education to procure. A good common-school education will be found necessary by all, and the desirability of a high-school course is also very generally conceded; but college education—four years more of study and books at the period when boyhood ends and manhood begins—does it pay? Can it be coined into success?

It is of course true that no scientific solution of this question is possible which does not take into survey either the whole National field of success as related to college education, or a definite portion of that field so selected that it may be regarded as representative of the whole. Among the recent papers on this subject in various publications are discussed the value of college education as a preparation for banking, for financial operations, for manufacturing, for journalism, and for political life, as well as for other careers. Among others who hold to the uselessness, or worse, of a college course have been the President of Chicago's largest bank, the Comptroller of New York, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Mr. Russell Sage, and various other men in financial pursuits. But the views expressed by these, while they are valuable suggestively as the expression of individual opinions and experience entitled to respectful consideration, are still lacking in the definiteness and conclusive data which give strength to an argument of this character. It is true that in his article Comptroller Coler cites Andrew Carnegie, Commodore Vanderbilt, H. H. Vreeland, A. T. Stewart, and Governor Flower as concrete examples of men who found the lack of education no bar to success.

It would be easy to balance the list with the names of men of college education. Then the questions would arise: Which found the road to success the easier? Would the collegians have succeeded as well without their college education? Would the non-collegians have been helped or handicapped by four years in college?

Another weakness in the various arguments as to the use of college education as an aid to success is the limitation placed upon the meaning of the word "success." Mr. Coler, of New York, and Mr. Forgan, the Chicago bank president, both frankly confine it to the money-makers. But even thus narrowed we have J. P. Morgan, who studied at Heidelberg; Senator Stephen B. Elkins, an alumnus of the University of Missouri; William C. Whitney and Senator Depew, Yale men, and scores of other very rich and successful men who have had the benefit of college training—and who probably get much more enjoyment out of their money than does the successful man, mentioned by Mr. Coler, "who doesn't know a Greek root from a tulip bulb."

Several of those who have taken the anti-college side in this discussion have summarily dismissed from consideration any other character of success than that expressed in wealth and financial mastery. But, however important as figures in our twentieth-century civilization the giants of finance may be, they do not fill the entire space on the horizon of Success. It is natural, perhaps, that those whose ideals are circumscribed by the activities that figure on the stock market should regard the other avenues of achievement as being of little account. But that point of view is,

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after all, merely parochial. From a National standpoint the men whose success is quotable on 'Change or discountable at the banks form only a comparatively small section in the larger list of those whom the American people delight to honor.

What, then, is a fair definition of "success"? It is the achievement of honest ambition in any worthy line of work, accompanied by a just recognition of that achievement by that part of society interested in such labors. One man gains success by achieving fifty million dollars; another by taking a city or destroying a fleet; another by formulating a beneficent law; the next one by writing a book or composing an opera; still others by declaring a new philosophy or leading a new reform, by power in preaching the Gospel, by the discovery of a new scientific principle or the invention of a new mechanical process. Only in the first of these cases has money any necessary connection with success. The amount of money accumulated by author, composer, philosopher, preacher, scientist, or inventor may be extremely modest; but at the same time his success, measured by achievement and by the esteem and recognition his achievement brings, may be very great.

If the foregoing paragraph presents a true definition and just estimate of success, what is the effect, for or against its attainment, of a college education? Fortunately, it seems entirely possible to answer this question in an authoritative way and upon the basis of tested statistics obtained as an incident of the compilation of the biennial publication known as "Who's Who in America," and purporting to give concise, condensed biographies of all those men and women in reputable and useful occupations who have attained more than local prominence. The edition of 1899 contained 8,602 of these biographies; that of 1901 embraces 11,551. In each the list covers only living people, representing the current activities—governmental, financial, commercial, industrial, intellectual, and artistic—of the entire country. The statements from which these biographies are compiled are, to a large extent, autobiographically contributed; and all have been submitted to the subjects of them for correction or revision. Thus much as to the source from which these statistics have been gathered.

Previous to the completion of the edition of 1899 a suggestion was made by a prominent scientist and educator that from the educational data furnished to the work an analytical statement should be prepared, giving educational statistics in regard to the people mentioned in the volume. In response to and elaboration of this suggestion, a table was prepared showing the amount of educational training enjoyed by the 8,602 people biographically mentioned in that volume, or rather by so many of them as had furnished the requisite information. Accompanying this table was an article making the obvious deductions, and this article received much attention from educational and critical journals at home and abroad. After the announcement of a new edition, many requests were received for a similar compilation of educational statistics. Therefore a new table was prepared in the 1901–1902 edition (published August, 1901), in reference to the 11,551 names biographically treated in its pages (including 7,850 of the same people that were in the first volume, with the addition of 3,701 new names).

Here, then, is the material for a practical, statistical consideration of the problem of college education as related to success. The following are the results shown by the two independent compilations of these statistics, made two years apart, with some changes of arrangement regarded as helpful to their present elucidation:

	1899.	1901.
Number of names in edition	8,602	11,551
Furnishing educational data, general and technical	7,295	9,760
Graduates of universities and colleges conferring baccalaureate degrees in letters, science, or philosophy	3,237	4,521
Attended like institutions, but were not graduated	733	965
Finished scholastic career in academies, seminaries, and other institutions of secondary grade	693	889
Ended in normal schools	79	117
" " high schools	171	239
Have merely common or public school education	640	808
Privately educated	185	282
Self-taught	20	31
Educated in foreign institutions	298	366
Furnished no educational data	1,307	1,791
Graduated in medicine	553	717
Graduated from technical schools as engineers, architects, chemists, agriculturists, etc	265	327
Theological graduates	378	494
Graduated from law schools	336	521
Graduates from U. S. Naval Academy	109	121
Naval officers not graduated	9	14
Graduates from U. S. Military Academy	162	168
Army officers not graduated	35	36

In many cases the statements as to general and technical education refer to

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the same individuals. In some only the technical graduation has been mentioned. Those who have failed to give details in regard to their education are not persons of inferior educational advantages. Many of them occupy positions for which the higher education is a prerequisite, but have simply failed to furnish the information. Had they supplied the data, there is every reason to believe that the relative educational standing of the entire number would have shown no material change.

For the purpose of this inquiry, therefore, the figures as to general education shown by the fifth to twelfth items, with the addition of the naval and military graduates, are the only ones considered; omitting from the estimate those furnishing details as to technical education only, and also those educated in foreign institutions. This leaves a total of 6,029 in the first edition, and 7,846 in the new edition, who furnished the details required for accurate computation of their relative advantages in general scholarship. No account is taken of post-graduate degrees. In each case the higher classification includes the lower. The man or woman who, beginning with the common school, has gone up to the high school, the academy, or other secondary institution, and thence to graduation in the college, is counted only in the collegiate item. For the purpose of these computations the graduation from West Point or Annapolis has been regarded as equivalent to college graduation. An especially strong point in connection with the following tables is that the compilations of statistics for the two years were independently made. Upon the basis adopted are obtained the following results, computed to the closest decimal fraction:

	1899.	Per Cent.	1901.	Per Cent.
Total number—basis of computation	6,029	100.000	8,141	100.000
College graduates (including army and navy)	3,508	58.185	4,810	59.084
Collegians not graduated	733	12.158	965	11.853
Total collegians	4,241	70.343	5,775	70.937
Finished in secondary schools	693	11.493	889	10.920
" normal schools	79	1.310	117	1.437
" high schools	171	2.836	239	2.936
" common schools	640	10.615	808	9.925
Privately educated	185	3.068	282	3.464
Self-taught	20	0.332	31	0.381

The remarkable thing about this table is the close agreement, as to relative numbers and percentages, shown by the respective years. These tables are believed to be unique in their origin and bearings, and to present, probably in a more concrete and definite form than any statistics heretofore printed, figures that may serve to illumine current inquiry as to the value of the higher education.

If of any use at all, these figures furnish a strong tribute to the abiding truth of the old adage that knowledge is power, and a convincing demonstration of the fact that the college is an important factor in success. That American collegiate methods can be improved in many ways, that there is still much crudeness and lack of balance in college curricula, and that the college can be made still more helpful by wise revision of current collegiate usage, is doubtless true. But whatever may have been in the past, or now are, the shortcomings and limitations of American colleges, they represent the mainspring of opportunity and preparation to the large majority of those who guide the destinies, dominate the affairs, and lead in the intellectual and artistic progress of our Nation.

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The Man from Glengarry

By Ralph Connor

Author of "Black Rock," "The Sky Pilot," etc.

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Chapter XVI.—"And the Glory"

THE first communion in the new church was marked by very great solemnity. There were few new members, but among the older men who had hitherto kept "back from the table" there was a manifest anxiety, and among the younger people a very great seriousness. The "coming forward" of Macdonald Dhu was an event so remarkable as to make a great impression not only upon all the Macdonald men who had been associated with him so many years in the lumbering, but also upon the whole congregation, to whom his record and reputation were well known. His change of attitude to the church and all its interests, as well as his change of disposition and temperament, were so striking as to leave in no one's mind any doubt as to the genuineness of his "change of heart," and every week made this more apparent. A solemn sense of responsibility and an intensity of earnestness seemed to possess him, while his humility and gentleness were touching to see.

On the evening of Monday, the day of thanksgiving in the Sacrament Week, a great congregation assembled for the closing meeting of the communion season. During the progress of the meeting, Mr. Murray and the ministers assisting him became aware that they were in the presence of some remarkable and mysterious phenomenon. The people listened to the Word with an intensity, response, and eagerness that gave token of a state of mind and heart wholly unusual. Here and there, while the psalms were being sung or prayers being offered, women and men would break down in audible weeping; and in the preaching the speaker was conscious of a power possessing him that he could not explain.

At length the last psalm was given out, and the congregation, contrary to their usual custom, by the minister's direction, rose to sing. As John "Aleck" led the people in that great volume of praise, the ministers held a hasty consultation in the pulpit. The professor had never seen anything so marvelous; Mr. Murray was reminded of the days of W. C. Burns. The question was, What was to be done? Should the meetings be continued, or should they close to-night? They had a great fear of religious excitement. They had seen something of the dreadful reaction following a state of exalted religious feeling. It was the beginning of harvest, too. Would it be advisable to call the people from their hard work in the fields to nightly meetings?

At length, as the congregation were nearing the close of the psalm, the professor spoke. "Brethren," he said, "this is not our work. Let us leave it to the Lord to decide. Put the question to the people and abide by their decision."

After the psalm was sung, the minister motioned the congregation to their seats, and, without comment or suggestion, put before them the question that had been discussed in the pulpit. Was it their desire that the meetings should be continued or not? A deep, solemn silence lay upon the crowded church, and for some time no one moved. Then the congregation were startled to see Macdonald Dhu rise slowly from his place in the middle of the church.

"Mr. Murray," he said, in a voice that vibrated strangely, "you will pardon me for letting my voice be heard in this place. It is the voice of a great sinner."

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"Speak, Mr. Macdonald," said the minister, "and I thank God for the sound of your voice in His house."

"It is not for me to make any speeches here. I will only make bold to give my word that the meetings be continued. It may be that the Lord, who has done such great things for me, will do great things for others also." And with that he sat down.

"I will take that for a motion," said the minister. "Will any one second it?"

Kenny Crubach at once rose and said:

"We are always slow at following the Lord. Let us go forward."

The minister waited for some moments after Kenny had spoken, and then said, in a voice grave and with a feeling of responsibility in it:

"You have heard these brethren, my people. I wait for the expression of your desire."

Like one man the great congregation rose to their feet. It was a scene profoundly impressive, and, with these serious-minded, sober people, one that indicated overwhelming emotion.

And thus the Great Revival began.

For eighteen months, night after night, every night in the week except Saturday, the people gathered in such numbers as to fill the new church to the door. Throughout all the busy harvest season, in spite of the autumn rains that filled the swamps and made the roads almost impassable, in the face of the driving snows of winter, through the melting ice of the spring, and again through the following summer and autumn, the Great Revival held on. No fictitious means were employed to stir the emotions of the people or to kindle excitement among them. There were neither special sermons nor revival hymns. The old doctrines were proclaimed, but proclaimed with a fullness and power unknown at other times. The old psalms were sung, but sung perhaps as they had never been before. For when John "Aleck's" mighty voice rolled forth in its full power, and when his band of trained singers followed, lifting onward with them the great congregation—for every man, woman, and child sang with full heart and open throat—the effect was something altogether wonderful and worth hearing. Each night there was a sermon by the minister, who for six months, till his health broke down, had sole charge of the work. Then the sermon was followed by short addresses or prayers by the elders, and after that the minister would take the men, and his wife the women, for closer and more personal dealing.

As the Revival deepened it became the custom for others than the elders to take part, by reading a psalm or other Scripture without comment, or by prayer. There was a shrinking from anything like a violent display of emotion and from any unveiling of the sacred secrets of the heart, but Scripture reading or quoting was supposed to express the thoughts, the hopes, the fears, the gratitude, the devotion, that made the religious experience of the speaker. This was as far as they considered it safe or seemly to go.

One of the first, outside the ranks of the elders, to take part in this way was Macdonald Dhu; then Long John Cameron followed; then Peter McGregor and others of the men of maturer years. A distinct stage in the revival was reached when young Aleck McRae rose to read his Scripture. He was quickly followed by Don, young Findlayson, and others of that age, and from that time onward the old line that had so clearly distinguished age from youth in respect to religious duty and privilege was obliterated forever. It had been a strange, if not very doubtful, phenomenon to see a young man "coming forward," or in any way giving indication of religious feeling. But this would never be again.

It was no small anxiety and grief to Mrs. Murray that Ranald, though he regularly attended the meetings, seemed to remain unmoved by the tide of religious feeling that was everywhere surging through the hearts of the people. The minister advised letting him alone, but Mrs. Murray was anxiously waiting for the time when Ranald would come to her. That time came, but not until long months of weary waiting on her part, and of painful struggle on his, had passed.

From the very first of the great movement his father threw himself into it with all the earnest intensity of his nature, but at the same time with a humility that gave token that the memory of the wild days of his youth and early manhood were never far away from him. He was eager to serve in the work, and was a constant

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source of wonder to all who had known him in his youth and early manhood. At all the different meetings he was present. Nothing could keep him away. "Night cometh," he said to his brother, who was remonstrating with him. His day's work was drawing to its close.

But Ranald would not let himself see the failing of his father's health, and when, in the harvest, the slightest work in the fields would send his father panting to the shade, Ranald would say, "It is the hot weather, father. When the cool days come you will be better. And why should you be bothering yourself with the work, anyway? Surely Yankee and I can look after that." And indeed they seemed to be quite fit to take off the harvest.

Day by day Ranald swung his cradle after Yankee with all a man's steadiness till all the grain was cut; and by the time the harvest was over, Ranald had developed a strength of muscle and a skill in the harvest work that made him the equal of almost any man in the country. He was all the more eager to have the harvest work done in time, that his father might not fret over his own inability to help. For Ranald could not bear to see the look of disappointment that sometimes showed itself in his father's face when weakness drove him from the field, and it was this that made him throw himself into the work as he did. He was careful also to consult with his father in regard to all the details of the management of the farm, and to tell him all that he was planning to do as well as all that was done. His father had always been a kind of hero to Ranald, who admired him for his prowess with the gun and the ax, as well as for his great strength and courage. But ever since calamity had befallen him, the boy's heart had gone out to his father in a new tenderness, and the last months had drawn the two very close together. It was a dark day for Ranald when he was forced to face the fact that his father was growing daily weaker. It was his uncle, Macdonald Bhain, who finally made him see it.

"Your father is failing, Ranald," he said one day toward the close of harvest.

"It is the hot weather," said Ranald. "He will be better in the fall."

"Ranald, my boy," said his uncle, gravely, "your father will fade with the leaf, and the first snow will lie upon him."

And then Ranald fairly faced the fact that before long he would be alone in the world. Without any exchange of words, he and his father came to understand each other, and they both knew that they were spending their last days on earth together. On the son's side, they were days of deepening sorrow; but with the father, every day seemed to bring him a greater peace of mind and a clearer shining of the light that never fades. To his son, Macdonald Dhu never spoke of the death that he felt to be drawing nearer, but he often spoke to him of the life he would like his son to live. His only other confidant in these matters was the minister's wife. To her Macdonald Dhu opened up his heart, and to her, more than to any one else, he owed his growing peace and light; and it was touching to see the devotion and the tenderness that he showed to her as often as she came to see him. With his brother, Macdonald Bhain, he made all the arrangements necessary for the disposal of the farm and the payment of the mortgage.

Ranald had no desire to be a farmer, and, indeed, when the mortgage was paid there would not be much left.

"He will be my son," said Macdonald Bhain to his brother; "and my home will be his while I live."

So in every way there was quiet preparation for Macdonald Dhu's going, and when at last the day came, there was no haste or fear.

It was in the afternoon of a bright September day, as the sun was nearing the tops of the pine-trees in the west. His brother was supporting him in his strong arms, while Ranald knelt by the bedside. Near him sat the minister's wife, and at a little distance Kirsty.

"Lift me up, Tonal," said the dying man; "I will be wanting to see the sun again, and then I will be going. I will be going to the land where they will not need the light of the sun. Tonal, bhodaich, it is the good brother you have been to me, and many's the good day we have had together."

"Och, Hugh, man. Are you going from me?" said Macdonald Bhain, with great sorrow in his voice.

"Aye, Tonal, for a little." Then he

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looked for a few moments at Kirsty, who was standing at the foot of the bed.

"Come near me, Kirsty," he said; and Kirsty came to the bedside.

"You have always been kind to me and mine, and you were kind to *her* as well, and the reward will come to you." Then he turned to Mrs. Murray, and said, with a great light of joy in his eyes:

"It is you that came to me as the angel of God with a word of salvation, and forever more I will be blessing you." And then he added, in a voice full of tenderness, "I will be telling her about you." He took Mrs. Murray's hand and tremblingly lifted it to his lips.

"It has been a great joy to me," said Mrs. Murray, with difficulty steadying her voice, "to see you come to your Saviour, Mr. Macdonald."

"Aye, I know it well," he said; and then he added, in a voice that sank almost to a whisper, "Now you will be reading the prayer." And Mrs. Murray, opening her Gaelic Bible, repeated in her clear, soft voice the words of the Lord's Prayer. Through all the petitions he followed her, until he came to the words, "Forgive us our debts." There he paused.

"Ranald, my man," he said, raising his hand with difficulty and laying it upon the boy's head, "you will listen to me now. Some day you will find the man that brought me to this, and you will say to him that your father forgave him freely, and wished him all the blessing of God. You will promise me this, Ranald?" said Macdonald Dhu.

"Yes, father," said Ranald, lifting his head and looking into his father's face.

"And, Ranald, you too will be forgiving him?" But to this there was no reply. Ranald's head was buried in the bed.

"Ah," said Macdonald Dhu, with difficulty, "you are your father's son; but you will not be laying this bitterness upon me now. You will be forgiving him, Ranald?"

"Oh, father!" cried Ranald, with a breaking voice, "how can I forgive him? How can I forgive the man who has taken you away from me?"

"It is no man," replied his father, "but the Lord Himself, the Lord who has forgiven your father much. I am waiting to hear you, Ranald."

Then, with a great sob, Ranald broke forth:

"Oh, father, I will forgive him," and immediately became quiet, and so continued to the end.

After some moments of silence, Macdonald Dhu looked once more towards the minister's wife, and a radiant smile spread over his face.

"You will be finishing," he said.

Her face was wet with tears, and for a few moments she could not speak. But it was no time to fail in duty, so, commanding her tears, with a clear, unwavering voice she went on to the end of the prayer—

"For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen."

"Glory!" said Macdonald Dhu after her. "Aye, the Glory. Ranald, my boy, where are you? You will be following me, lad, to the Glory. *She* will be asking me about you. You will be following me, lad?"

The anxious note in his voice struck Ranald to the heart.

"Oh, father, it is what I want," he replied, brokenly. "I will try."

"Aye," said Macdonald Dhu, "and you will come. I will be telling *her*. Now lay me down, Tonal; I will be going."

Macdonald Bhain laid him quietly back on his pillow, and for a moment he lay with his eyes closed.

Once more he opened his eyes, and with a troubled look upon his face, and in a voice of doubt and fear, he cried:

"It is a sinful man, O Lord, a sinful man."

His eyes wandered till they fell on Mrs. Murray's face, and then the trouble and fear passed out of them, and in a gentler voice he said:

"Forgive us our debts." Then, feeling with his hand till it rested on his son's head, Macdonald Dhu passed away, at peace with men and with God.

There was little sadness and no bitter grief at Macdonald Dhu's funeral. The tone all through was one of triumph, for they all knew his life, and how sore the fight had been, and how he had won his victory. His humility and his gentleness during the last few weeks of his life had removed all the distance that had separated him from the people, and had drawn their hearts toward him; and now in his

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final triumph they could not find it in their hearts to mourn.

But to Ranald the sadness was more than the triumph. Through the wild, ungoverned years of his boyhood his father had been more than a father to him. He had been a friend, sharing a common lot, and, without much show of tenderness, understanding and sympathizing with him, and now that his father had gone from him, a great loneliness fell upon the lad.

The farm and its belongings were sold. Kirsty brought with her the big box of blankets and linen that had belonged to Ranald's mother. Ranald took his mother's Gaelic Bible, his father's gun and ax, and, with the great deerhound, Bugle, and his colt, Lisette, left the home of his childhood behind him, and, with his Aunt Kirsty, went to live with his uncle.

Throughout the autumn months he was busy helping his uncle with the plowing, the potatoes, and the fall work. Soon the air began to nip, and the night's frost to last throughout the shortening day, and then Macdonald Bhain began to prepare wood for the winter, and to make all things snug about the house and barn; and when the first fall of snow fell softly, he took down his broadax, and then Ranald knew that the gang would soon be off again for the shanties. That night his uncle talked long with him about his future.

"I have no son, Ranald," he said, as they sat talking; "and, for your father's sake and for your own, it is my desire that you should become a son to me, and there is no one but yourself to whom the farm would go. And glad will I be if you will stay with me. But, stay or not, all that I have will be yours, if it please the Lord to spare you."

"I would want nothing better," said Ranald, "than to stay with you and work with you, but I do not draw toward the farm."

"And what else would you do, Ranald?"

"Indeed, I know not," said Ranald, "but something else than farming. But meantime I should like to go to the shanties with you this winter."

And so when the Macdonald gang went to the woods that winter, Ranald, taking his father's ax, went with them. And so clever did the boy prove himself that by the time they brought down their raft in the spring there was not a man in all the gang that Macdonald Bhain would sooner have at his back in a tight place than his nephew Ranald. And, indeed, those months in the woods made a man out of the long, lanky boy, so that, on the first Sabbath after the shantymen came home, not many in the church that day would have recognized the dark-faced, stalwart youth had it not been that he sat in the pew beside Macdonald Bhain. It was with no small difficulty that the minister's wife could keep her little boy quiet in the back seat, so full of pride and joy was he at the appearance of his hero; but after the service was over, Hughie could be no longer restrained. Pushing his way eagerly through the crowd, he seized upon Ranald and dragged him to his mother.

"Here he is, mother," he exclaimed, to Ranald's great confusion, and to the amusement of all about him. "Isn't he splendid?"

And as Ranald greeted Mrs. Murray with quiet, grave courtesy, she felt that his winter in the woods and on the river had forever put behind him his boyhood, and that henceforth he wo ld take his place among the men. And, looking at his strong, composed, grave face, she felt that that place ought not to be an unworthy one.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The Price

By Ernest Neal Lyon

Only a tired toiler
Can taste Sleep's glad release.
Only a soul that suffers
Can give to another peace!

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The Proposed Canons on Divorce

By the Rev. Samuel W. Dike, LL.D.

SOME suggestions at certain points and not a thorough discussion of the proposed canons of the Protestant Episcopal Church are all I shall venture to offer. These canons, by their careful definition of ministerial duty, by their provision for competent witnesses to a marriage, and by the effort to bring to the discipline of the Church the support of vigorous measures, show a courageous attempt to meet a grave situation adequately. This course should command the respect and stir the emulation of all Christians. Other Churches may well see to it that their own position is taken with equal care. No fancied or real defects in these canons should draw attention away from the duty to one's own Church and its careful discussion. My own remarks will be directed mainly to the situation as seen by one whose work has led to some study of the general movement.

One or two minor queries may come first. Is it wise to put large discretionary powers into the hands of the Bishops in those cases in which baptism, confirmation, or the holy communion has been denied to divorced persons? Does or does not this repeat in the Church an error of those States which allowed the courts discretionary powers in regard to grounds for divorce? These "omnibus clauses," as they came to be called, have largely disappeared from the statute-books. A judge, himself a highly respected Episcopalian, once said to me in speaking of them, "Judicial discretion is judicial tyranny." Of course, among such men as the Bishops abuses would be few or none. But would they care to have this duty laid on them? Would the Church be willing to encourage a bad civil practice even indirectly?

Then, are those Episcopalians who believe that there is at least one Scriptural ground for divorce ready to favor the adoption of these stringent canons under the plea of cutting up the evil, root and branch? Some, it is said, are taking this ground. Here, unlike their attitude in respect to temperance, they seem quite willing to be prohibitionists for the sake of the great object to be gained. Is the position a wise one?

But I come to a more fundamental defect, as it seems to me, of the general treatment of both marriage and divorce. The canon on marriage rests directly on certain quoted texts of Scripture found in the accounts of the legislation of Moses. The two canons bearing on divorce, though not supported by direct quotations, are apparently made to depend upon a similar use of texts from the New Testament. The implication is that when the meaning of these texts has been determined by use of grammar and lexicon and other like apparatus of the scholar, that meaning becomes in essence a positive law of the Church, which it is the duty of the Church to formulate and enforce with suitable pains and penalties. And nearly, if not all, the criticisms of these canons that I have seen in the religious press have proceeded in the same way. They have controverted the canons chiefly by challenging the interpretations of Scripture implied in them. In other words, they have asserted that the New Testament allows divorce for adultery and perhaps desertion, and that this should, therefore, become the law of the Church; and so the old dispute goes on in the old way, and progress is slow.

The practical man of affairs, the trained jurist, and the student of social science are not always satisfied by this line of reasoning. They clearly see or feel deeply that this is altogether too easy a settlement of a great problem. They find themselves confronted with other questions. Are the regulations of the Mosaic legislation to be taken as laws for the Christian Church of to-day? If so, what is the proof of it? Show us the reasons. Was Christ, like Moses, a lawgiver? Do the Gospels record what is in effect a statute, ecclesiastical or civil, regarding divorce, needing only to be translated from literary into legal phraseology and duly placed among the ecclesiastical canons? Why are the utterances of our Lord, even on this subject of transcendent importance,

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treated as legislation while others are not? On what principle does the Church enact any or all of the teachings of the Holy Scriptures into law?

So far as one not an expert in exegesis can judge, I incline to the opinion that the drift of scholarship is toward the conclusion that Jesus taught the indissolubility of marriage. But supposing that we have reached this or some other conclusion. Only one part of the problem so far is solved. The second part of the task is still before us. Another question must be answered: Shall the doctrine of divorce which our Bible study has discovered—whatever that doctrine may be—shall this doctrine in all its parts be urged upon the State, enforced in the practice and discipline of the Church, as well as set forth in her instruction as among the ideals of the Christian life? How many of these three possible positions shall the Church take? If she does more than teach the great truths of the family, what are the reasons for doing so and what principles shall guide her action? Did our Lord ever legislate, even on this subject, or expect his Church to do so in any special way? Or, if the Church may, like the State, select certain things for her regulation, what shall be her guiding principles? Let us hope that the full report of the Committee of Twelve will answer such questions as these. For at present we are left in the dark or to inference.

One other suggestion. It is, that the special subjects of Marriage and Divorce, with certain others, even in their special treatment, should not be isolated from that of the Family. Marriage and divorce mark the beginning and dissolution of the family. The family is the real subject before us. The treatment of Marriage and Divorce as incidents in the study of the Family is fast coming to be the method of writers on ethics and other social themes. Professor Shailer Matthews in his little book on the Social Teaching of Jesus, and Professor F. G. Peabody's still more recent volume, both take this course. The more we reflect on the passage in Mark x., 3–9, and related texts, the more we shall see, I think, that, while nominally dealing with divorce, Jesus was really outlining the features of the family.

The Church has been slow to see this. References to the family by name are extremely rare, it is said, in the Christian literature of the early centuries. They have been infrequent in such digests of canon law as I have seen. Some of our best books of twenty-five years ago and earlier, on marriage and divorce, scarcely mention the family. A book with the title of The Family is a recent thing, and so is the study of the family in the higher schools.

The aim of the early Church was chiefly the salvation of the individual. Society seemed hopelessly lost. So it was the bearing of marriage, celibacy, divorce, and chastity on the individual that claimed attention. Roman law and society had largely degenerated into individualism. The canon law took shape under these conditions and set the forms of regulation for the future. The Episcopal Church inherits these forms, and other Churches share in them as legacies of the past. Apparently something like a fresh examination of historical ground must be made in order to see wherein the work of the past needs to be corrected and supplemented, so that study and practical treatment of the family and its incidents shall be pursued according to the law of proportion.

The progress of social science is fast bringing the family to the front. Indeed, it would seem as if the family must soon hold the important place in the investigations of the social sciences and of sociology that the cell now has in the field of biology, and that we shall soon see that the elements of most social problems are wrapped up in the family and its outgrowth into the home. This study will place material of the greatest value at the disposal of the Church, both for the solution of many of its own problems and for its use in dealing with the general problems of society.

No Church has had a keener sense of organic relations than the Protestant Episcopal Church. None has stood more faithfully by its convictions concerning the family. None carries greater influence through its declarations. For these reasons many outside its communion are eagerly looking to its coming action on these and other great subjects. If we question or doubt, it is because we would see this Church seize its opportunity to do its special work on marriage and divorce in a way that will adequately meet the entire situation.

Auburndale, Mass.

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Israel and the Nations[1]

WHY another history of Israel? One instinctively turns, if not for comparison, at least for an answer to this question to the preceding histories of the same people: Milman's "History of the Jews," the first to suggest to English readers that this people were a human people with a human history which could be written as the history of other peoples; Ewald's "History of Israel," a work of genius, which, despite some errors which subsequent investigations of later scholarship have corrected, is still unsuperseded and, to our thinking, without its equal as a spiritual interpretation of the life of a spiritual nation; Dean Stanley's "History of the Jewish Church," large in its treatment, though limited, as its title indicates, in its scope, founded on Ewald and a brilliant interpretation of him to English readers, and still the best book for popular reading, if not for lay study of the Old Testament; Wellhausen's "History of Israel," the most notable of the distinct attempts to treat Biblical history from the evolutionary point of view and to recast the Biblical chronology so as to make it conform to recognized principles of moral and social development; W. Robertson Smith's "Old Testament in the Jewish Church" and "Prophets of Israel," founded on Wellhausen as Stanley was on Ewald, yet independent—a history which one reads now with wonder how the Presbyterian Church of Scotland could ever find it matter for a heresy trial; Graetz's "History of the Jews," a history chiefly distinguished by the fact that it is written by a Jew, and has therefore the national color; Kent's volumes on Old Testament history and literature, the best series of brief treatises for the lay student who wishes to get in outline the results of modern historical and critical scholarship. Professor McCurdy's three volumes agree with these works of his predecessors in accepting the conclusions respecting the order of events and, in general, the date of the sacred books on which all alike must depend for the chief sources of their information. Indeed, it is difficult to see how Israel can be made the subject of historical treatment at all, as the word history is ordinarily understood, without assuming that the nation was subject to the general laws of development exemplified in the history of other nations, nor how, if this be assumed, the general conclusions of modern critics can be avoided. Thus Professor McCurdy assumes, as a matter of course, that the Levitical code was a gradual development, that Deuteronomy was produced in the reign of Josiah and was an efficient cause in bringing about the Reformation, and that Isaiah II., or the Great Unknown, prophesied toward the close of the Exile and in the beginning of the reign of Cyrus the Great. Professor McCurdy's history differs from that of his predecessors in two important particulars: it is pre-eminently a history of the people, and it connects their life closely with that of surrounding nations.

Green's "History of the English People" may almost be said to have introduced to English readers a new view of history, as the development of a people. This is the application of the democratic idea to historical narrative. The life of the people is more important than the achievements of their kings; in truth, the achievements of their kings are important only or chiefly as throwing light upon the development of the people. Professor McCurdy's predecessors have certainly done something, perhaps we should say a great deal, to trace the spiritual development of the Jewish people, but to this aspect of their history Professor McCurdy gives greater emphasis than his predecessors. He appears to care less for what Josiah did and less for the question who wrote Deuteronomy and when, than he does for the spiritual influences at work among the people during the preceding reign of Manasseh, which made the production of Deuteronomy possible and indeed almost necessitated it, and for the share which the people took in the reformation and the extent to which they were affected by it. This is the first distin-

[1] *History, Prophecy, and the Monuments; or, Israel and the Nations.* By James Frederick McCurdy, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Oriental Languages in University College, Toronto. The Macmillan Company, New York.

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guishing characteristic of this history; it is a study of the moral and intellectual development of an extraordinary race. Sometimes the author appears to us to allow too little for the phenomenon of genius and the effect which individual geniuses have on the common life of the people to whom they belong. But in the main his conclusions are eminently sane and sensible. The other characteristic is indicated by the somewhat clumsy title of his work, "History, Prophecy, and the Monuments." Far too much we have been accustomed to set the Jews off by themselves as though they lived in a wholly different world from our own. We have read and studied their history in the Bible in the same spirit of provincial exclusiveness in which they lived and in which their historians wrote. In fact, no nation liveth to itself and no nation dieth to itself, and this is as true of Israel as of any people. Their life made but one thread, though a thread composed of different strands interwoven with other threads in one historic pattern, and we cannot truly understand the history of any one of these ancient peoples without understanding, at least in some measure, the history of all the others. Professor McCurdy's work is not merely a history of Israel, with occasional glances at neighboring nations, nor even a consideration of the incidental effect which neighboring nations had upon Israel. It is a history of Israel and her times, and it brings Israel into her due historic perspective, as it is seen by one who believes that, by reason of her moral grandeur, she was a central figure in a drama in which she seemed to play an unimportant part to those who measured the greatness of the nation by the size of its territory, the bigness of its population, the magnitude of its arms, or the apparent result of its military feats. In these respects and for these reasons Professor McCurdy appears to us to have made a real and valuable addition to that historical literature which deals with this peculiar people, the people whose moral ideas were as victorious as their military feats were insignificant, and whose influence on modern life surpasses that exercised by any other ancient people, unless possibly the Greeks are an exception. His style is clear, but somewhat too analytical for the ordinary reader. His analysis is, however, real, not merely formal; and if his method suggests the academic lecturer, as we think it does, and if it lacks in smoothness and rhythm, its somewhat too formal analysis adapts it to use as a text-book, and will aid the memory in retaining and recalling the substance of the author's thought.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

A Pair of Them. By Evelyn Raymond. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5½×7½ in. 156 pages. 50c.

American Literature: A Laboratory Method. By H. L. Mason, Professor of English Language and Literature in Drexel Institute. Philadelphia, published by the Author. 5½×7 in. 186 pages.

The aim of this volume, prepared for students and teachers of English, is to check the tendency to read about authors and stimulate the tendency to read the authors themselves. It aims, therefore, by presenting a scheme of reading lists giving definite references to an author's works in such a way as to show how the author is a product of his environment, his own development and characteristics, and the part he plays in the development of American literature, to bring the mind of the student directly, by the laboratory method, in contact with the actual material of literature. The book is an interesting experiment along a new line of study, and is worth thorough testing at the hands of teachers and students.

Anselm and His Work. By the Rev. H. C. Welch, M.A., D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. (The World's Epoch Makers.) 5½×7½ in. 251 pages. $1.25.

No one will question the right of Anselm, the great archbishop whose chair is still seen in Canterbury Cathedral, to be numbered among the world's epoch-makers. "The Augustine of the Middle Ages," the originator of the scholastic theology, his influence on Christian thought endures to this day. By a strange destiny, this gentle and unworldly man, to whom religious meditation was "his bride," was called to an arduous struggle for the rights of the Church against the usurpations of the throne, in which, by force of character, he finally prevailed. To these varied aspects of his career this biography does justice with a sympathetic and discriminating touch. Utterly

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antipodal to Anselm was the great prelate who, half a century later, succeeded him, Thomas Becket, Froude's life of whom should be read as a sequel to this of Anselm.

Atoms and Energies. By D. A. Murray, A.M. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 202 pages. $1.25.

Brief French Course (A). By Antone Muzzarelli. American Book Co., New York. 3×5¼ in. 193 pages. $1.25.

Chemistry. (Self-Educator Series.) By James Knight. Edited by John Adams. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 162 pages. 75 cents.

Christmas Evans: The Preacher of Wild Wales. By the Rev. Paxton Hood. American Tract Society, New York. 5½×8 in. 420 pages. 75c.

It is more than sixty years since the voice of this great Christian orator reverberated through his native Wales, but his name is still a household word there. A self-made man, unable at the age of seventeen to read, yet becoming a Hebraist and Grecian in no mean degree of learning, he rose to a throne of power in the pulpit. His preaching was at once massive in reasoning and brilliant in imagination, sparkling with poetic splendors. Mr. Hood has strikingly portrayed his career and his character, adding selections of sermons illustrative of his peculiar genius, and sketches of his famous contemporaries in those Welsh pulpits whose line has gone out into all the world. This biography deserves a permanent place in Christian literature.

Christ's Message to the Churches. By William M. Campbell. The Abbey Press, New York. 5½×8 in. 170 pages.

The subject is the Letters to the Seven Churches given in the second and third chapters of the Apocalypse. Archbishop Trench has treated these in a classic work, scholarly and critical. Dr. Campbell's treatment is homiletical, adapted to hours of devotion, and directs scrutiny to the life and conduct of the individual Christian rather than, as the subject naturally suggests, to that of the Church collectively.

Contemporary Socialism. By John Rae, M.A., LL.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 6×9½ in. 555 pages. $2.50.

There are two other books on Socialism—Mr. Kirkup's and Professor Ely's—which are so good that we hesitate to award pre-eminence, but we may safely say that Mr. Rae's volume ranks with the other two, and that no student of the subject can afford to be without it. The third edition, which is now before us, contains an additional brilliant chapter on the progress of Socialism during the past decade, its remarkable gain in political strength and its more remarkable gain in moderation. The Socialists, says Mr. Rae very truly, "still protest that the whole duty of the Social Democrat during the short remainder of 'bourgeois' society, as they call the existing order of things, is to prepare and accelerate the social revolution which is coming to overthrow that society; but, as a matter of fact, we find them all at this moment, with one consent, busy promoting the social reforms which they used to hate for retarding instead of accelerating their regenerating revolution, and we find the younger spirits among them—the men of the future—developing a profound skepticism about this whole revolution business, and avowing a strong belief that the work of social reform which they are now pursuing—progressive social reform—is itself the revolution they desire." Liebknecht himself, who was a good deal of a conspirator before the granting of universal suffrage in 1871, signalized the change of his party's attitude by his speech at Erfurt in 1891, which contained these words: "Revolutionary methods were the methods of Anarchists, and the Anarchists have done nothing by them but alienate workingmen. You could put all the Anarchists of Europe into a pair of police-wagons. With their ridiculous revolutionary phrases, their senseless attempts at assassination, and their stupidities generally, they have done nothing for the proletariat and have merely worked into the hands of their adversaries."

Days That Are No More, The. By Elizabeth Bryant Johnston. Illustrated. The Abbey Press, New York. 5½×8 in. 224 pages. $1.

Deerslayer (The). By James Fenimore Cooper. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×5¾ in. 609 pages. 25c.

This is a reprint of what may be regarded as Cooper's strongest and most thoroughly constructed story, with a sympathetic introduction and with notes, the volume forming the latest addition to Macmillan's Pocket American and English Classics.

Desert (The): Further Studies in Natural Appearances. By John C. Van Dyke. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 233 pages. $1.25.

Reserved for later notice.

Forest Folk. By James Prior. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×7½ in. 383 pages. $1.50.

This story is by an English author not, we think, well known to American readers, although he has published at least one previous story. The present story deals with social conditions in the first few years of this century in that part of Nottinghamshire, in England, which was even then known as Sherwood Forest, although the traditions of Robin Hood had centuries ago become a romance of the past. The plot has to do with the attacks made by Luddites and disaffected mechanics on the improved machinery for lace-making. The smashing of the new machines, the assaults and murders that followed in the train of this lawlessness, and the general unrest of the period, afford an excellent background for a story in which the characters are of different ranks of life. The dialect is in a way an obstruction to the reader (so many words have to be guessed at that a glossary would be welcome), but the substance of the story, and its character-work especially, make it well worth while to force one's way through the dialect hedges.

German. (Self-Educator Series.) By John Adams. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 214 pages. 75 cts.

Government of the American People (The). By Frank Strong and Joseph Schafer. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5½×7¾ in. 250 pages. 65 cts., net.

The best text-book in civil government for the use of secondary schools that has yet been

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brought to our attention. It is admirably planned, giving information first about the local governments which most closely touch their lives, second about the State governments, and finally about the National government—the only one learned about in most old-time text-books. In each field the historical development of the essential institutions is traced with wonderful simplicity, and illustrated with a wealth of incident which quickens the interest of the pupil as much as it widens his knowledge of the subject. The history of the development of local government, both rural and urban, though written for grammar and high school classes, could be studied with advantage by graduating classes at colleges, and even by post-graduate students in political science. The style of this history is not distinctively that of a text-book, but that of a book which a normal person might read of his own volition.

Great God Success (The). By John Graham. F. A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 299 pages. $1.50.

A story of the present time; of uneven merit in its descriptive portions, but, as a whole, strong in character-drawing. The hero is a Yale man who on leaving college begins newspaper work, and succeeds to editorship and eventually to supreme control. Soon he quite naturally drifts into politics and becomes a diplomat. The situations with women are treated with unconventional boldness.

Great Religions of the World. By H. A. Giles, LL.D., T. W. Rhys Davids, and Others. Harper & Bros., New York. 6×9 in. 301 pages. $2.

The eleven papers brought together in this volume under copyright of the North American Review Publishing Company present their subject as viewed from the threshold of the twentieth century by writers of recognized competency. From the paper on Bābism, a Persian Mohammedan sect of reformers emphasizing the brotherhood of man, it is rather surprising to learn that this Oriental exotic numbers already three thousand converts in this country, one-third of them in Chicago.

Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates: A Story of Life in Holland. By Mary Mapes Dodge. Illustrated. (New Amsterdam Edition.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8½ in. 393 pages. $1.50.

This story may fairly be called a classic for children. It is now thirty-five years since it was first published, and its popularity among young people is still deservedly great. The present edition is prettily and satisfactorily illustrated. It is safe to predict that in its new and attractive form the book will in the coming holiday season give genuine pleasure to great numbers of boys and girls.

Holy Spirit and Christian Service (The). By the Rev. J. D. Robinson, M.A., B.Sc. American Tract Society, New York. 5½×8½ in. 288 pages. $1.25.

These lectures, originally prepared for the Christian Workers' Training Institute in Edinburgh, are admirable in spirit, but in form prolix and abstract. They would be much better for their purpose if condensed by one-half in general statement, and correspondingly amplified by illustrations from personal experience.

Irish Pastorals. By Shan F. Bullock. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 309 pages. $1.50.

The readers of The Outlook not long ago had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with Mr. Bullock's literary touch in two characteristic Irish tales of country life and peasant character. The present volume contains many such character sketches, and we think represents the best work of Mr. Bullock. This writer has recently come prominently into notice as one of the very best delineators of the Irish peasant, and in these "pastorals" he shows not only fidelity to the truth of life but also a delicate and at the same time strong imaginative power. The tales may fairly be said to equal the best of Miss Jane Barlow's Irish sketches—and this is indeed high praise.

Jack Racer. By Henry Somerville. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 429 pages. $1.50.

The scene is laid in a Western village. The hero, whose unconventional ways and carelessness of opinion have earned him the reputation of a ne'er-do-well, arouses himself at an unexpected point in his career and astonishes all by his achievements. The story is full of lively play.

Jolly Cat Tail (A). By Amy Brooks. Lee & Shepard, Boston. Illustrated by the Author. 8×5½ in. 117 pages. $1.

Juell Demming. By Albert L. Lawrence. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5½×8 in. 382 pages. $1.25.

In a small way this story breaks into a new and interesting point in human experience. A young man, the son of a Canadian of intense pro-English sentiment, is born in New York of an American mother. The lad is bred in Canada, but is intensely on the side of his birthplace. He falls out with his father, and, after many vicissitudes, falls in with American politicians. When he comes to voting he is astounded to find that he cannot do so; his father's nationality standing in his way, he is practically without a country. He finally wins place through the Spanish-American war.

Justice to the Woman. By Bernie Babcock. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5×7½ in. 373 pages. $1.25.

King's Messenger (The). By Suzanne Antrobus. Harper & Bros., New York. 5½×8 in. 348 pages. $1.50.

This romance of old New Orleans has no special historic message, unless it be incidentally to show us the lawless *tout ensemble* of the early life in this favored section of our land. It is simply a charming love story scintillating with vivacity. The picture of a native-born coquette, with a brave and noble soul, has not been better presented in any recent story.

Lady of Lynn (The). By Sir Walter Besant. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 374 pages. $1.50.

In substance this story deals with the fortunes—or misfortunes—of a wealthy young heiress, and the efforts of her guardian to keep her ignorant of the fact that she is a great heiress, and also to deceive his townspeople as to the same, and thus keep off fortune-hunters. Some of the methods used arouse the enmity

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of a young man, who, to revenge himself on the guardian, contrives to marry the girl and make her life a tragedy. The story is complex, and in handling displays much of the author's clever workmanship and mastery of character-drawing. Incidentally it throws light on English social life of a century and a half ago.

Latin. By W. A. Edward, M.A. (Self-Educator Series.) Edited by John Adams. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 265 pages. 75 cts.

Lessons from Work. By Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop of Durham. The Macmillan Co., London. 5½×7¾ in. 451 pages.

A sense of the loss which the Church universal has suffered in the recent death of this great pastor of the Church of England will be deepened by the perusal of the papers comprised in this collection—mostly addresses on various occasions. Their unity consists in the writer's conception of the Incarnation as the underlying truth and central fact which illuminates all our problems, whether speculative or practical. The predominating interest in this volume is sociological. Bishop Westcott thinks that in the contradiction which the rampant passion for gain gives to the spirit of religion and humanity "we are once again on the verge of a Coming of Christ, of a judgment of the world." Next to social problems Biblical study and criticism hold a prominent place in this volume, and the largest space accorded to any single topic is given to "Christian Doctrine; the spirit and method of studying it." His definition of Christian doctrine is corrective of many an illusion; it "is, under all circumstances, an endeavor to confirm in man by accurate thought the feeling of a personal divine relationship." In general, it may be added, one rarely meets with so good a collection as this of tracts for the times.

Literary Associations of the English Race. Vols. I. and II. By the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, Honorary Canon of Carlisle. James MacLehose & Sons, Glasgow, Scotland. 5½×7¾ in. Vol. I., 236 pages. Vol. II., 250 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Lonesomest Doll (The). By Abbie Farwell Brown. With Illustrations by E. Pollak. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. 5¾×8 in. 76 pages. 85 cts., net.

A quaint and pretty story of a very lonesome doll and a very lonesome queen, both of whom are brought into the most intimate and warmest relations by the curiosity of a very obscure little girl who penetrates into the apartments of the queen, discovers the doll, thwarts the machinations of a court, and introduces general humanity and happiness into the palace.

Love and Liberty. A Romance of Anti-Slavery. By W. C. Townsend. The Abbey Press, New York. 5½×8 in. 502 pages.

Marna's Mutiny. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×7½ in. 324 pages. $1.25.

A vivacious story of English life in Japan. The author is the widow of Sir Hugh Fraser, formerly British Minister to Japan, and knows the life there most intimately. "Marna" is primarily a love story, and is both charming and wholesome.

Maryland as a Proprietary Province. By Newton D. Meremess. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¾×8¼ in. 530 pages. $3.

Mistress Dorothy. By Fred O. Bartlett. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 37 pages. 50 cts.

Mental Functions of the Brain. By Bernard Hollander, M.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6½×9½ in. 507 pages.

This is a work of more than ordinary importance. The author's researches and results oblige him not only to combat popular opinions, but to criticise rather sharply some high medical authorities. The brain is, indeed, the organ of the mind, but the various functions of the mind have their separate centers of activity in the brain. In the localization of these centers good progress has been made and is still to be made. The great pioneer in this line of discovery was Dr. Franz Joseph Gall, a century ago. His results were long discredited, but are here presented for the first time as largely confirmed by other lines of research. The phenomena of various kinds of mania are exhibited by Dr. Hollander in their connection with local brain-lesions, and special memories for words, numbers, music, etc., are traced to their local centers in the brain. These and cognate discussions lead on to a strenuous rehabilitation of phrenology, long discredited through quackery, and, as Dr. Hollander contends, through medical philistinism. The ability with which Dr. Hollander pleads the case is commensurate with his courage in stemming the current of adverse prejudice. There seems no serious impediment to that recognition of phrenology as a science for which he contends, since the chief obstacle to it has been removed by the progress already made in localizing the different centers of mental action in the brain. While this work is of special interest to professional men, as lawyers and physicians, it is valuable to all who are interested in the phenomena of mind and the problems of education.

Mystery of Baptism (The). By the Rev. John Stockton Axtell, Ph.D. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 396 pages. $1.20, net.

The author's standpoint is with the churches which practice infant baptism, without regarding it as *per se* effecting a spiritual change. His treatment of the subject is comprehensive, including Greek and Jewish, Christian and spiritual baptism. The primary idea of Christian baptism he regards as "mersion into Christ," rather than immersion in water. He holds that "in all cases sprinkling was the authorized and accepted mode of applying the water," and that immersion was introduced later through a superstitious exaggeration of the cleansing efficacy of the sacrament. In this he differs from the general view of Christian scholars, but supports his position with much ability, and in a temper both devout and irenic. Those who hold that the Church has power over its sacramental forms will not regard argument on this point, however interesting, as decisive, whichever party may carry their judgment. In spiritual baptism the

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author distinguishes three grades, viz., the baptism "of life," "of power," and "of fire," and emphasizes the need of the last and highest in order to full Christian development in a heroic and saintly life.

Nest of Girls, A; or, Boarding School Days. By Elizabeth Weslyn Timlow. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6×8¾ in. 412 pages. $1.50.

Our Heredity from God. By E. P. Powell. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 423 pages.

The appearance of the fifth edition of this remarkable book, a study of evolution with special reference to its issues in morality and religion, renews both admiration of it in most points and regret at its limitations. In his justifiable revolt from the system of Christian theology known as Calvinism, the author too hastily identifies it with Christianity itself, and writes as if this were irreconcilable with science—an unfortunate impression, surely, to leave upon an undiscriminating reader. Many leaders of thought, who have broken with Calvinism and the doctrine of a special creation of everything from nothing as thoroughly as Mr. Powell, by no means agree with him that Christianity "is a religion that despairs of this world." Mr. Powell's account of anthropological origins is not quite up to the line of the latest authorities. So his representations of contemporary religious thought are drawn too much from the rear-guard he parted with some time since, instead of from the vanguard in a continuous advance of which he seems to know nothing.

Our Lady Vanity. By Ellen Olney Kirk. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. 5×8 in. 353 pages. $1.50.

An interesting character-study from a practiced hand; not the best story in the series to which it belongs, and yet very carefully told, with clear contrast of types, and teaching some lessons which are as old as life.

Parts of Speech: Essays on English. By Brander Matthews. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8 in. 350 pages. $1.25.

This volume reprints fourteen short essays which have appeared in various periodicals, and, under great diversity of topic, have dealt with what might be called the living element in the English tongue. This is a subject on which Mr. Matthews has an eminent right to speak, by virtue of long study, thorough familiarity, and the habit of dealing vigorously and frankly with questions which arise out of the use of English speech. The volume will receive fuller notice.

Peter Abélard. By Joseph McCabe. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6×8½ in. 402 pages. $2.

It is high time that a full and critical study of this remarkable man should appear in our own tongue, as it has in others. Perhaps to most readers it is his romantic and ill-starred union with Héloise that makes him interesting. To scholars he is interesting as a great standard-bearer in the long struggle to satisfy the demands of reason in the things of faith—a struggle in which, though then worsted, he has triumphed through the late acceptance of his principles by the Church that condemned him as a heretic. Both phases of his remarkable character as a man and as a theologian, and the record of his brilliant but disastrous career, are amply treated by his present biographer, who portrays both his weakness and his strength with an impartial hand. With his story that of Héloise is closely joined, and their correspondence, here spread upon the page, inclines one to a more lenient judgment of the error of each than some writers, such as Mr. Cotter Morison, have pronounced. The intensely dramatic life of the great rationalist of the twelfth century is an inviting subject for a biographer, and Father McCabe's treatment of it does not disappoint the reader.

Poetry of Niagara. Compiled by Myron T. Pritchard. Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5½×7¼ in. 128 pages. $1, net.

Redemptioners and Indentured Servants in the Colony and Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. By Karl Frederick Geiser, Ph.D. The Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor Co., New Haven. 5½×9 in. 128 pages.

Report of the Philippine Commission to the President. Vol. IV. Illustrated. The Government Printing-Office, Washington, D.C. 5¾×9 in. 417 pages.

Science of Penology (The): The Defense of Society Against Crime. By Henry M. Boies. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 9½×6½ in. 459 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Sea Letter (The): A Tale of Martha's Vineyard. By William Henry Winslow. Henry A. Dickerman & Son, Boston. 5×7½ in. 336 pages. $1.50.

A story told by an ex-naval officer, a resident of the locality which he describes with intimate knowledge. The plot turns upon a letter found in a floating bottle. The story makes little attempt at a distinct style, and might fall far short of approval by strict literary canons; but it is full of human interest, and will appeal to all readers familiar with seashore life and summer hotel sojourners. It is sprightly and familiar, and ranges from Vineyard Haven to Mount Desert, and thence to Florida.

Self-Educator in French (The). (Self-Educator Series.) Edited by John Adams. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 206 pages. 75 cts.

Short History of the American Trotting and Pacing Horse. By Henry T. Coates. H. T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 5×8 in. 148 pages. 75 cts.

Singular Sinner, A. By Charles R. Harker. The Abbey Press, New York. 5½×8 in. 304 pages. $1.

Story of the Cid. For Young People. Illustrated. By Calvin D. Wilson. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5½×7½ in. 313 pages. $1.25.

Here is a story of real value to young readers. The main incidents in the life of one of the most famous and noble characters known to history are given in a condensed and interesting manner.

Talks on Writing English. By Arlo Bates. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. (Second Series.) 5×8 in. 259 pages. $1.30, net.

The second series under this title is made up from material used in a course of lectures given in the Lowell Free Classes, and is supplementary to the previous volume which deals with the more delicate and subtle elements of composition as well as with such matters as paragraphs, punctuation, particles,

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composition, and revision. It will receive fuller attention.

Tangled Trinities. By Daniel Woodroffe. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 309 pages. $1.50.

This story is so handled as to keep its satire in abeyance, and the average reader is likely to feel the pain and pity of the position of Esta Steele (the daughter of a half-caste clergyman of the Established Church), before becoming fully aware of the author's mockery of the unchristian Christianity that prevails in the English village life amid which father and daughter are placed. Because of being kept outside of the life amid which she is cast, the girl, with eyes wide open, walks into moral perdition.

Tennessee Sketches. By Louisa Creston Looney. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 4½×7 in. 321 pages. $1.

The Age of Chivalry. The Age of Fable. Legends of Charlemagne. By Thomas Bullfinch. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 3 vols. in a box. 4×6½ in. $2.25.

An altogether pleasing edition of three standard books.

Till the Doctor Comes, and How to Help Him. By George H. Hope, M.D., M.R.C.S.E. Revised and in large part rewritten by Mary Mitchell Kydd, M.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×7½ in. 153 pages. $1.

Tristram of Blent. By Anthony Hope. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 426 pages. $1.50.

Lovers of a quiet story of modern English life of the kind which interests not through its historical relation nor as a romance of adventure, but because of the novelty of its central situation and because of the strength and originality with which the character-study is worked out, will probably regard "Tristram of Blent" as Mr. Hawkins's strongest book. It is as different as possible from those stories by this writer of which "The Prisoner of Zenda" is the chief example, and it differs also materially—and we think to its advantage—from the two or three stories of social life in England at the present time to which the same author's name is attached. Curiously enough, there is something about this novel which reminds one of the methods of that leisurely but delightful writer, Anthony Trollope, and for the author of "The Prisoner of Zenda" even to recall Anthony Trollope is as strong evidence of versatility as could be desired. The ease with which Mr. Hawkins handles his material is, however, shown by the fact that before the middle of the book is reached he apparently brings to a close and disposes of a plot problem which might well have afforded Mr. Trollope material for a whole series of books. At this point the reader not unnaturally fears that the interest of the story will fail; but new complications arise which hold the attention to the very end.

Twentieth Century Boy (A). By Marguerite Linton Glentworth. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5½×7½ in. 310 pages.

This story of a self-centered lad is full of irresistible fun; and the fun is given with such fine literary flavor as will make it agreeable to a host of readers who may have left their boyhood far behind them.

Two and One. By Charlotte M. Vaile. Illustrated. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5½×7½ in. 102 pages. 50c.

An entertaining little story for children. The characters are two children who have not yet begun school-days, and a young person who has just finished hers. The stories told by the latter for the entertainment of the former are taken about equally from nature and books.

Unique Tales. By Myth. The Abbey Press, New York. 5½×8 in. 158 pages.

Voyage of Ithobal, The. By Sir Edwin Arnold. Illustrated. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 5½×7¾ in. 226 pages.

This latest work from the facile hand of Sir Edwin Arnold is a poetic rendering of an account of a voyage made under the direction of Nece, King of Egypt, a brief account of which is to be found in Herodotus. The story itself has a kind of epical quality, but it does not present those elements of universal interest in human experience which secured so wide a reading for "The Light of Asia," and it cannot be regarded as a successful tale because of the difficulties presented by a narrative freighted with so many remote historical references and so many unfamiliar names. It is a facile poem, but not an inspired one.

Westerners (The). By Stewart Edward White. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 344 pages. $1.50.

A story in which the action permits the reader no time for a nap between pages. It deals with the period when the discovery of rich ore in the Black Hills first drew all kinds and conditions of men to that region. Hence this story gives us the play and interplay of New Englanders, Virginians, mountaineers, trappers, half-breeds, etc., one upon another in the mad rush for gain. The contrasts between cultured and primitive human nature are well indicated, and the interest will prove absorbing to the general reader.

When Love Flies Out o' the Window. By Leonard Merrick. D. Appleton & Co., New York 5×7½ in. 320 pages. $1.

This is a well-told story dealing with situations somewhat *risqué*, yet handled cleanly and firmly throughout. The heroine, a well-born English girl, finds herself impoverished, and, having a fine voice, seeks the stage as a means of livelihood. Through one of those abominations working in the guise of a business agency, she discovers herself in a vile den in Paris. There a young Englishman meets her, perceives her situation, believes in her and rescues her, placing her under protection of a relative. How he learns to love her, marries her, how fortune fails him and she becomes the wage-earner for both, how they part and come together again—all makes up a story of deep and varied human interest.

Who's Who in America: A Biographical Dictionary of Notable Living Men and Women of the United States, 1901-1902. Edited by John W. Leonard. A. N. Marcus & Co., Chicago. 6×8 in. 1,304 pages. $2.75.

To the newspaper worker this compilation has become so valuable, although it is now only in its third year, that it is difficult to understand how a reference library could ever have been satisfactory without precisely such a book. In

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a way it is modeled after the English publication of the same name, but its scope is a larger one and its value is therefore increased. This value lies largely in the fact that each new edition is thoroughly revised and practically rewritten; that while it includes an immense number of sketches of Americans who are distinguished or who may be considered to have public or semi-public relations, it has absolutely no eulogy or fulsome writing. The sketches are condensed to the utmost, and each contains all the essential facts in the life of the man described. The astonishing number of over 11,500 men and women are biographically described in the new book, which appears to be nearly or quite double the size of its immediate predecessor, while the editor states that every line which is not new matter has been revised or verified. It is with positive satisfaction that we place the book on our reference shelves, from which it will be taken for use daily, and often many times in the day.

Whose Father is God? By A. L. Vail. Published by the Author, 1420 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 70 pages. 20 cts.

Why of Poverty (The). By George H. Hubbard. The Abbey Press, New York. 5½×8 in. 181 pages.

Year One (The): A Page of the French Revolution. By John Bloundell-Burton. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 353 pages. $1.50.

A strong and stirring romance, the main action of which takes place in Paris during the French Revolution. The heroine is a high-born girl who has been compelled to marry against her will; the hero is a lieutenant on board a British man-of-war. There is no unworthy intrigue between these two; the Englishman is simply made to serve as the means of the Frenchwoman's escape. Through the jealousy of a French girl the pair are caught and brought under ban of the Revolutionary leaders. The circumstances lead us into the midst of howling fanatics and fighting mobs, and so far as the incidents of one story can carry us we live again in that dreadful period. The situations are strong, and are presented with the resources of literary skill. Altogether it is a story of dramatic and intense human interest.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any book named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.

You have already referred me to Stockwell's "New Modes of Thought" for a popular exposition of the subject of monism. For that I thank you. I now wish to inquire whether there is any book or magazine article that treats of the Christ from the monistic point of view. If you can refer me to such book or article, I shall appreciate the courtesy. E. B. N.

See Dr. A. H. Strong's "Christ and Ethical Monism" (American Baptist Publication Society), and "A Religion that Will Wear," by a Scotch Presbyterian layman (T. Whittaker, New York)—books in some respects antipodal to each other. Edward Caird's "Evolution of Religion" (The Macmillan Company, New York), particularly in the second volume, also deserves attention in this line of thought. For a magazine article on this line see "Jesus the Ideal Man" (The New World, 1897).

What books would be helpful in preparing an address on "The Evolution of Birds"? A. D. R.

Darwin's, Wallace's, and Huxley's writings on the natural selection theory contain many references to bird evolution. Baskett's "Story of the Birds," however, is the best single book for the temporary student. It is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Consult also the first chapters of "Bird Life," by Frank M. Chapman (D. Appleton & Co.), and Part II. of the "Key to North American Birds," by Dr. Elliott Coues (Estes & Lauriat, Boston).

Edwin Arnold, in his "Light of the World," makes Mary Magdalene and Mary, the sister of Lazarus, one person. Is this generally considered so by Bible scholars? A. L. C.

No; there is no tenable ground for so regarding them.

Will you please suggest to me a book which is designed for use in the home for family worship? C. J. E.

"The Church in Thy House" (T. Whittaker, New York, 75 cents) is a small but excellent manual containing Scriptural selections and prayers for every day in the month. Another good collection is "Family Prayers," edited by Dr. Abbott (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York).

Kindly give me a list of the best books and magazine articles that have come under your notice that treat of the spiritual rather than visible "Second Coming of Christ." J. L.

Among American writers Dr. Israel P. Warren has treated this subject very fully in his "Parousia," which we think you can get of the Congregational Book-store, 14 Beacon Street, Boston. Dr. Whiton's "Beyond the Shadow" deals with the same in a similar way, with special reference to the connected truths of resurrection and judgment (T. Whittaker, New York).

1. Kindly give the title, author, and publisher of what you consider to be the best exhaustively annotated edition of the Gospels and Epistles in Greek; also (2) what you think to be the best grammar of New Testament Greek. H.

1. "The Expositor's Greek Testament," now published as far as 2 Corinthians, and soon to be completed (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York). 2. Professor S. S. Green's "Brief Introduction to New Testament Grammar" is very convenient. Harper and Weidner's is rather fuller.

"C. H. H." inquired, August 10, concerning Congregational churches in which a covenant has been lately adopted in place of a creed for admission to membership. The churches in Fryeburg, Me., New Salem, Mass., Long Beach, Cal., and the First Church in South Norwalk, Conn., inform us that they have done so. Other churches, viz., West Bloomfield, N. Y., Trinity in Tremont, New York City, Haworth, N. J., Wymore, Neb., receive members by a covenant in which the Apostles' Creed is embodied as a statement of the historic basis of Christianity. The church at Long Beach, Cal., enrolls all baptized children as members till the indication of their desire to continue as such or to withdraw, and administers baptism in whatever mode preferred, or omits it if scrupled at.

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Tributes to President McKinley

PRAYER PREPARED BY BISHOP POTTER

Bishop Potter, of New York, wrote the following prayer for use in the churches of the diocese at the memorial services of Thursday:

O Almighty God, the Supreme Governor of all things, whose power no creature is able to resist, to whom it justly belongs to punish sinners and to be merciful to those who truly repent, save and deliver this land, we beseech thee, from all false teaching and from all secret foes; and grant that this thy people, being armed with the weapons of truth and righteousness, may drive far hence all lawless men and all treasonable fellowships, and so preserve the heritage of their fathers to be the home of a God-fearing nation, ever doing thy holy will, to the glory of thy holy name; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

O merciful God and Heavenly Father, who hast taught us in thy Holy Word that thou dost not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men, look with pity, we beseech thee, upon the sorrow and shame of our common country, stained and dishonored by the murder of its chief magistrate. Remember us, O Lord, in mercy; sanctify this sore chastisement to our greater good; dispel our ignorance; arouse us from our indifference; enlighten us by thy Holy Spirit, and so lift up thy countenance upon us and give us peace, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Most Gracious Father, who hast been pleased to take unto thyself the soul of thy servant, sometime President of the United States, grant to her who by this sorrow has been most of all bereaved that she, walking by faith, may see thy Light in all her darkness, and at last, having served thee with constancy on earth, may be joined hereafter with thy blessed saints in glory everlasting, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Almighty God, whose Kingdom is everlasting and Power infinite, have mercy upon this whole land, and so rule the heart of thy servant the President of the United States, upon whom so suddenly has been laid so weighty an office and charge, that he, knowing whose minister he is, may, above all things, seek thy honor and glory; and that we and all the people, duly considering whose authority he bears, may faithfully and obediently honor him, in thee and for thee, according to thy blessed Word and ordinance, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

MR. BRYAN'S TRIBUTE

The following expression of sympathy was given to the press by Mr. Bryan early last week:

The terrible deed at Buffalo, rudely breaking the ties of family and friendship, and horrifying every patriotic citizen, crowns a most extraordinary life with a halo that cannot but exalt its victim's place in history, while his bravery during the trying ordeal, his forgiving spirit, and his fortitude in the final hours give glimpses of his inner life which nothing less tragic could have revealed.

But, inexpressibly sad as is the death of McKinley the illustrious citizen, it is the damnable murder of McKinley the President that melts seventy-five million hearts into one, and brings a hush to the farm, the factory, and the forum. The death, even when produced by natural causes, of a public servant charged with the tremendous responsibilities which press upon a President, shocks the entire country, and is infinitely multiplied when the circumstances attending constitute an attack upon the Government itself.

No one can estimate the far-reaching effect of such an act as that which now casts a gloom over our land. It shames America in the eyes of the world. It impairs her moral prestige and gives enemies of free government a chance to mock at her, and it excites an indignation which, while righteous in itself, may lead to acts which will partake of the spirit of lawlessness.

As the President's death overwhelms all in a common sorrow, so it imposes a common responsibility, namely, to so avenge the wrong done to the President, his family, and the country as to make the executive life secure without abridgment of freedom of speech or freedom of the press.

SECRETARY LONG'S EULOGY

A tribute entitled "William McKinley—An Appreciation," written by Secretary John D. Long, has been published in the Boston "Transcript." In part, Secretary Long says:

President McKinley, of blessed life, is now, and more and more as time goes on will be, of blessed memory. The asperities which afflict a public servant during his official career will quickly be forgotten, and the calm, just verdict of history will pronounce him a man of ideally pure, true character, a patriot of single and disinterested devotion to his country, and a statesman unexcelled for tact, prudence, and practical competency. His domestic life is one of the precious sanctities of American sentiment.

As an executive his administration has been a series of remarkable achievements. It has been attended by great military successes, by an abounding prosperity. It has put out the last embers of sectional bitterness. It has been marked by appointments of high character and especial fitness to places of great trust. The tone of the public official, the efficiency of the Civil Service, the integrity and fidelity of all departments and branches of the executive government, were never so high as to-day.

President McKinley leaves an unblemished

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record in public and private life, and a record not merely free from blemish, but bright with good deeds done, with great services rendered.

SECRETARY GAGE'S TRIBUTE

In "Treasury Decisions," a publication containing technical interpretations of the Customs, Internal Revenue, and Immigration laws, and issued weekly by the Treasury Department, Secretary Gage published the following:

It has been thought proper to make sad but official announcement in this issue of "Treasury Decisions" of the tragic death of William McKinley, twenty-fifth President of the United States, and to give some expression of that tribute which his character and deeds compel.

It needed not the shadows of death to make the figure of the late President loom large in the estimate of mankind. The republic he loved, he lived to broaden and unify as no previous President had done. Under his prudent and far-seeing statesmanship it took exalted place in the community of nations. From his place as private citizen, on through many and increasing honors to his final post as ruler of his people, he remained true to the highest ideals.

By the people of the nation at large and by the world he was known and will live in grateful annals as a gentleman of noble heart, an affectionate husband, a sturdy friend, and a faithful and illustrious President. In a long public life, ever open to his fellows, nothing was ever found, even by intemperate partisan zeal, that would cast a shade upon his character. The kindly and unselfish attributes which his colleagues knew and loved the public felt, and now men of every faith and following join in reverent acknowledgment of those distinctive virtues and abilities that lift him among the truly great of all ages.

EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND

To the Princeton students Mr. Cleveland said in part:

All our people loved their dead President. His kindly nature and lovable traits of character and his amiable consideration for all about him will long live in the minds and hearts of his countrymen. He loved them in return with such patriotism and unselfishness that in this hour of their grief and humiliation he would say to them, "It is God's will; I am content. If there is a lesson in my life or death, let it be taught to those who still live, and leave the destiny of their country in their keeping." Let us, then, as our dead is buried out of our sight, seek for the lessons and the admonitions that may be suggested by the life and death which constitute our theme. First in my thoughts are the lessons to be learned from the career of William McKinley by the young men who make up the student body of our University. These lessons are not obscure or difficult. They teach the value of study and mental training, but they teach more impressively that the road to usefulness and to the only success worth having will be missed or lost except it is sought and kept by the light of those qualities of the heart which it is sometimes supposed may safely be neglected or subordinated in university surroundings. This is a great mistake. Study, and study hard, but never let the thought enter your mind that study alone, or the greatest possible accumulation of learning alone, will lead you to the heights of usefulness and success. The man who is universally mourned to-day achieved the highest distinction which his great country can confer on any man, and he lived a useful life. He was not deficient in education, but, with all you will hear of his grand career and his services to his country and to his fellow-citizens, you will not hear that the high plane he reached or what he accomplished was due entirely to his education. You will instead constantly hear as accounting for his great success that he was obedient and affectionate as a son, patriotic and faithful as a soldier, honest and upright as a citizen, tender and devoted as a husband, and truthful, generous, unselfish, moral and clean in every relation in life. He never thought any of those things too weak for his manliness. Make no mistake. Here was a most distinguished man, a great man, a useful man—who became distinguished, great, and useful because he had, and retained unimpaired, qualities of heart which I fear university students sometimes feel like keeping in the background or abandoning.

CARDINAL GIBBONS

At the memorial services in the cathedral in Baltimore, Cardinal Gibbons, in the course of a long eulogy, said:

The Redeemer of mankind was betrayed by the universal symbol of love. If I may reverently make the comparison, the President was betrayed by the universal emblem of friendship. Christ said to Judas, "Friend, betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?" The President could have said to his slayer, "Betrayest thou the head of the Nation with the grasp of the hand?" He was struck down surrounded by a host of his fellow-citizens, every one of whom would have gladly risked his life in defense of his beloved chieftain.

As President he was thoroughly conversant with the duties of his office, and could enter into its most minute details. His characteristic virtues were courtesy and politeness, patience and forbearance, and masterly self-control under very trying circumstances. When unable to grant a favor, he had the rare and happy talent to disappoint the applicant without offending him.

It is a sad reflection that some fanatic or miscreant has it in his power to take the life of the head of the Nation, and to throw the whole country into mourning. It was, no doubt, this thought that inspired some writers within the last few days to advise that the President should henceforth abstain from public receptions and hand-shaking, and that greater protection should be given to his

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person. You might have him surrounded with cohorts, defended with bayonets, and have him followed by argus-eyed detectives, and yet he will not be proof against the stroke of the assassin. Are not the crowned heads of Europe usually attended by military forces, and yet how many of them have perished at the hand of some criminal! No. Let the President continue to move among his people and take them by the hand. The strongest shield of our Chief Magistrate is the love and devotion of his fellow-citizens. The most effective way to stop such crimes is to inspire the rising generation with greater reverence for the constituted authorities and a greater horror for any insult or injury to their person.

Correspondence

The Quest After God[1]

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have just read your very able article in The Outlook of June 1 entitled "The Rights of Man," and I hasten to express the thanks of one humble reader for the exceedingly fair, able, and fearless presentation of a much-controverted subject by a writer who has made the profession of his life the consideration of the religious rights of man. And I take it that at this age you are giving us the ripest fruit of thoughts and experiences which have been gathered along the highest levels of life by one of the world's most cultured thinkers. For many years I have been a constant reader of the productions from your gifted pen, and regret to say I do not know you. And just here I touch one of the pivotal inquiries in your essay.

I never knew Queen Victoria, to whom you happily refer, although I have read much of her, and have contemplated with great admiration the noble career of that distinguished sovereign, whose long life of conspicuous usefulness has contributed so much to the elevation of all those noble qualities which adorn the representatives of the race. Her person was visible, and the mental and moral qualities of her illustrious character accessible to the ordinary comprehension. When you speak of what it is to know her, I understand what you mean; but when you say, "This is religion—the personal perception of the Infinite," I fail to comprehend you. I write in all sincerity and not with a view to controversy. If I can with difficulty imperfectly know the finite, and apprehend vaguely the common things of time and sense, how can I perceive the Infinife? I really do not know what you mean when you say that a person can have "a personal acquaintance with God," and that "God is accessible to all men." All your postulates I understand and concur in, but this last is incomprehensible. When you so write, do you not edge pretty close to the border of that which you condemn, and render yourself amenable to the charge of "dogmatism"? When you make use of such expressions as "Faith is seeing Him who is invisible," the significance of your words is lost to me. I can understand how one can have a mental perception of an image reflected by the senses, but beyond that I cannot go in my philosophy or mental grasp. So I have come to the conclusion that you enjoy the development of a faculty in your mental constitution which you mistakenly attribute to the possession of all men. Doubtless the large spirituality in your nature enables you to *feel* what you have erroneously construed into a belief or perception—that you can "perceive the Infinite," or that you can "find God." Among my acquaintances I have several such cherished friends, whom I delight to honor, and whom I most dearly love, and to me they are the most estimable people in this world.

You say, "Agnosticism says, We can know nothing of the Infinite." Assuming that you correctly quote a reputable representative of this respectable school of thought, then the difference between you and the agnostic is, that what you know of the Infinite is simply "fragmentary and imperfect," while the agnostic knows nothing whatever of the Infinite. But if the agnostic knows anything, from your standpoint does he not "know a part of the Infinite"? And is not this all you really claim to know? You say:

> This quest after God must be individual and personal, because it is a quest after a personal God; and the result must always be partial, because the quest is by the finite concerning the infinite, and the knowledge which the

[1] See an editorial in response to this letter.

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finite gains of the infinite must always be fragmentary and imperfect. A complete and perfect system of truth regarding God and divine law is absolutely impossible; because God and divine law are infinite, and we are finite. All, therefore, that a man can ever see is some of the manifestations of the divine. We make our different excursions into the infinite; we bring back our different reports.

How splendidly said, and how apparently true! But how incompatible with, and how far remote from, your definition of religion—"the personal perception of the Infinite." By the way, your conception of Deity is, it seems to me, a personification of the Infinite.

Agnosticism, as I understand it, simply affirms the impossibility of knowing the Infinite. You say that we can comprehend part of the Infinite. If this is so, how can you ever find God? Does the mere quest after God ever, will it ever, result in finding him? "Canst thou by searching find out God?" If the Scriptures ever become a definition of the nature of Deity, "there is no searching of his understanding." "No man hath seen God at any time. He said, thou canst not see my face; for there shall no man see me and live." It looks as if the agnostic is entirely orthodox, if your definition of him is correct. It is one of the difficulties with me to understand the persons and things I see; and with the persons who, and the things which, we come in daily contact almost all remain a mystery. If we cannot find out in these simply mundane matters, what can we hope to ascertain about the supermundane and the Infinite? If, in the limited researches I have made, there has been a proper interpretation of history, it is that in all ages of the world every religious system is but the offspring of human thought and feeling relative to God—simply the effort of humanity to find him, and to secure redemption from the ills of life. Are we any more than mere "seekers" after God? Do we ever get any nearer him than the discovery of the laws which govern in the realm of mind and matter? This is as far as I have been able to go. Nevertheless, I recognize, admire, and envy that superior quality of mind whose large spirituality is capable of such exaltation that a feeling after Divinity is converted into a perception of Him. E. W. B.

Paducah, Ky.

The Evolution of Bible Study

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The thought expressed by Professor Drummond in the recent article on "The Evolution of Bible Study" appears to me only the half of a much greater truth.

That greater truth is that there is no such thing in the world as a final or absolute authority. The Protestant world, at the time of the Reformation recognized the truth that no living man or body of men has an infallible knowledge of spiritual or religious truth, but it held all the more tenaciously to the belief in an inerrant Bible. Little by little that belief, too, has been slipping away. First, it was seen that the statements about the stability of the earth are not literally true; later, that the world was not created in six literal days; and fourteen years ago Professor Drummond was ready to say that the story in Genesis is not true in any scientific sense. He still implies that the Bible is infallible in spiritual matters, and says, "The Bible never reveals anything that man can find out for himself."

He seems to imply that man has the power to discover scientific truth in material things, but has not the power to discover the higher, spiritual truth. Are we willing to admit this? Should we not rather claim that he has that power, and that in this, more than in anything else, he partakes of the divine nature? Every one sees clearly that the acquirement of scientific knowledge is by a slow process of growth. As a clearer conception of the way in which the Bible was written is gained, it becomes evident that religious truth has grown in a similar manner.

The difficulty is largely in the conception of God. Many seem to think of him as some one or something who has made the universe and stands outside of it, interfering occasionally, perhaps, but yet essentially outside of and apart from the world. Let us rather think of him as immanent in the world, and especially in all human lives that seek to know the truth or to do the right. This indwelling of the divine finds its expression in a progressive knowledge of both scientific and religious truth. That which is first apprehended is crude and full of error. But, just as it does not trouble us that, in the science of a century or even of a decade ago, we must sift the true from the

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false, so we should not wonder that in the religious thought and teaching of an age long gone we find some error mixed with much that is true. And, as the fact that our knowledge in science is imperfect and that there is no final authority does not prevent our making practical use of the scientific truth at our command, so the fact that religious and ethical truth are still imperfect and in process of growth should not prevent us from following all the truth we have.

This conception of the world and of the Bible so unites the divine and the human that we can separate them only in so far as we can apprehend absolute and eternal truth. It makes of the Bible simply a part of that greater revelation which embraces all thought and all life so far as its tendency is upward and not downward. To one who holds such a view it is of small consequence that there are many things in the Bible about the truth of which he is very uncertain, and some things which he believes to be positively false. As with the rest of the revelation, it is imperfect and reflects the thought of its time, which is always partly false. It differs from the rest of the revelation, it is true, in its unique and transcendent character, but the difference is one of degree and not of kind. The necessity of taking that which is true and leaving that which is false applies here, as elsewhere.

W. A. N.

The South and President McKinley's Death

To the Editors of The Outlook:

You have had something to say in your columns of the world-wide sorrow occasioned by the terrible news of the President's assassination. I wish to call especial attention to the grief felt in one section—the very section that politically opposed Mr. McKinley most.

The South has not previously been so stirred by the death of a Chief Magistrate. The murder of Lincoln, though most disastrous in its consequences to us, could not at the time draw forth many tears from our people. The killing of Garfield was lamented among us, but the personal loss was not felt so keenly inasmuch as General Garfield had just entered on his first administration. The present circumstances are very different. It is true that Mr. McKinley had for a long time been the representative of those very policies that the Solid South resisted. It is true that in his last election the Southern States had stood practically alone in their opposition to him. But, for all that, to-day, when the Nation is mourning, nowhere is the sorrow more sincere or the grief more keen than in the Southland.

It is a mistake to suppose that the Southern people are changing their political views. They cannot forget the awful days of reconstruction, or the party responsible for that system. The chief argument used by the opponents of Senator McLaurin to-day is not that his position is intrinsically wrong, but that it is similar to the position of the Republican party. The Solid South will remain unbroken for some time to come.

For the past five years Mr. McKinley has stood for those very ideas that the South has resisted. Notwithstanding this fact, his sincerity, his good sense, his conciliatory attitude toward this section, had won the respect of its people. They ceased to think of him as a Republican whenever it was not election time, and were loyal to him as President of the whole country, and their own ruler.

One Southern newspaper—probably the most influential in South Carolina—did not share in this feeling. The day after the shooting it expressed horror at the crime, but added that it yet opposed Mr. McKinley, believing that he had prostituted his office more than any of his predecessors, and that it might not be a great calamity if he should die and give place to Mr. Roosevelt. I am sure that in this view the editor represented only himself. Many were quick to rebuke him for the expression of such ideas at the time, and I have yet to find one Southerner who shares his sentiments. Earnest prayers for the President's recovery went up from every pulpit and almost every home; intense interest was manifested in every town and hamlet over the news from his bedside; and when the message came bringing tidings of the worst, the demonstrations of sorrow equaled those a few years ago over the death of the South's own President, Jefferson Davis. The two sections have been more firmly united by McKinley's life and by his death.

R. A. L.

Trinity College, Durham, N. C.

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Two Plymouth Tablets

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Recent visitors to Plymouth cannot have failed to notice two tablets on the street approaching Burial Hill, which claim more than passing attention. On one side of the entrance to the handsome new stone edifice of the First Church (Unitarian) one may read, inscribed in bronze, the following:

THE CHURCH OF SCROOBY LEYDEN AND THE MAYFLOWER GATHERED ON THIS HILLSIDE IN 1620 HAS EVER SINCE PRESERVED UNBROKEN RECORDS AND MAINTAINED A CONTINUOUS MINISTRY, ITS FIRST COVENANT BEING STILL THE BASIS OF ITS FELLOWSHIP. IN REVERENT MEMORY OF ITS PILGRIM FOUNDERS THIS FIFTH MEETING-HOUSE WAS ERECTED A.D. MDCCCXCVII.

On the other side of the street stands the more modest frame structure of the Church of the Pilgrimage (Congregational), in a conspicuous place on whose exterior another bronze inscription has appeared:

THIS TABLET IS INSCRIBED IN GRATEFUL MEMORY OF THE PILGRIMS AND OF THEIR SUCCESSORS WHO AT THE TIME OF THE UNITARIAN CONTROVERSY IN 1801 ADHERED TO THE BELIEF OF THE FATHERS AND ON THE BASIS OF THE ORIGINAL CREED AND COVENANT PERPETUATED AT GREAT SACRIFICE IN THE CHURCH OF THE PILGRIMAGE THE EVANGELICAL FAITH AND FELLOWSHIP OF THE CHURCH OF SCROOBY LEYDEN AND THE MAYFLOWER, ORGANIZED IN ENGLAND IN 1606.

It would appear that, while the one had preserved the records, the other had "kept the faith."

Rockland, Mass. HARWOOD B. SMITH.

A Memorial Park

To the Editors of The Outlook:

A few years ago several Americans sent donations to me which formed part of the fund with which was purchased for the public the Cornish promontory commanding the view of Tintagel, with all its associations with King Arthur and Tennyson's poems.

So many Americans visit and value the English lake country, associated as it is with Wordsworth and Ruskin, that it occurs to me that some of your readers might be willing to contribute towards the purchase of a portion of land on Lake Derwentwater. This land would be vested in the National Trust for the Preservation of Places of Historic Interest and Natural Beauty, and would be preserved to all time in its present beautiful condition, accessible to all who visit this, perhaps the loveliest English lake. At present no portion of the shore is open to the public except by the courtesy of private owners. This land may be looked upon as one of the most beautiful parts of the margin of the lake, owing to its slopes of meadow and wood coming down to its indenting bays and forming promontories commanding views of mountain and valley. By a singular coincidence one of these bays is called Victoria Bay, and some of the donors feel that this will be a memorial to our late beloved Queen. Seven thousand pounds will purchase the whole one hundred and five acres and preserve it forever dedicated to the public. Thirty-two hundred pounds of this is secured. The land will be lost unless the balance is obtained by the 15th of October. I will gladly receive and acknowledge donations, or write and send papers.

OCTAVIA HILL.

190 Marylebone Road, N. W., London.

About a Filipino Boy

To the Editors of The Outlook:

If any of your many readers want to take a Filipino boy to raise, to educate and Christianize, and will let me know, I shall be very glad to correspond with them on the subject.

HARRY W. NASH,
Teacher of English.

Macabebe, P. I., via Calumpit,
Prov. of Pampanga.

A Correction

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I am informed of an inaccuracy in my quotation of the notice in the Prudential Building, Atlanta (see Outlook, September 14, p. 130). My informant says that the word "other" does not appear, but that the notice reads: "For Colored People and Janitors, Express Packages, etc." The difference to my mind is slight, but I wish to be perfectly accurate.

W. E. B. DU BOIS.

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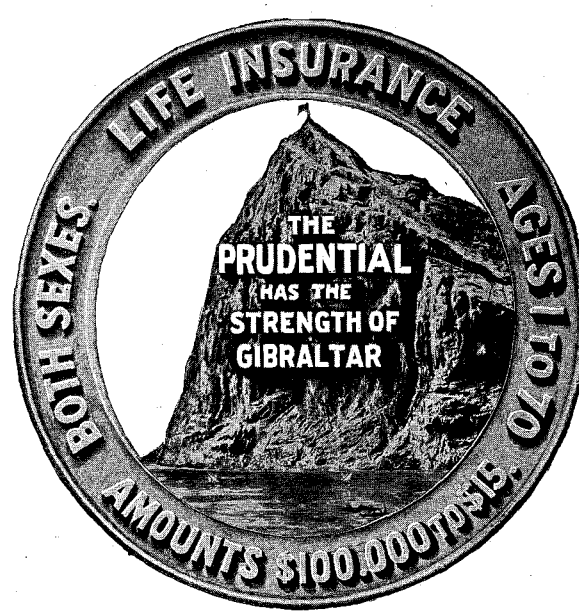

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